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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1905.

{ WITH SUPPLEMENT AND IRVING SUPPLEMENT. } SIXPENCE.



IN HARNESS TO THE LAST: THE LATE SIR HENRY IRVING IN "BECKET," THE PIECE IN WHICH HE PLAYED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

"Becket," though, according to the idea of many critics, by no means a good play, gave Sir Henry Irving one of his finest opportunities, and he showed in it that extraordinary personal magnetism that enabled him, during his long career, to carry to success many comparatively indifferent works: "Dante" may be cited as a case in point. Sir Henry had only just returned to his hotel after his performance in "Becket" at the Theatre Royal, Bradford, when he was taken ill.

FROM THE DRAWING BY S. BEGG.

HENRY IRVING: AN APPRECIATION.

Born at Keinton Mandeville, February 6, 1838; died at Bradford, October 13, 1905.

(SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

FOR at least thirty years of his life the great actor we have lost so suddenly held that position on the English stage, and among his contemporaries of all professions, which belongs only to a commanding personality. This, at any rate, can never be in dispute. Judgments of his art will always vary; at one point of his career they clashed with such violence that society was in a state of civil war. The harmony of a dinner-party was broken by the bare mention of his name. Hostile critics wrote pamphlets, and his friends responded with more pamphlets. No artist was ever the object of such persistent and effective caricature. Nowadays, when we discuss the qualities of a player, difference of opinion takes the form of mild dissent. The subject does not grip us strongly enough to make us quarrel. But Irving's personality turned us into enemies or partisans. It had to conquer or to fail signally; it could not settle down to any mediocre lot. In the end it conquered so completely that it became a popular institution. You still met people who did not care for Irving's acting; but you met nobody who refused admiration to the man, and to the work he had done for the stage.

In this respect he never had a rival. His rank in public life was unknown to the greatest of his predecessors. There are a good many people in this country who never enter a theatre; but even among them the name of Henry Irving was held in honour. His fine sense of dignity was not the least of the qualities which gave him this high place among the notables of his time. He took his calling with the seriousness that befitted its true interests; and he upheld these with a zeal which made him an ideal leader of the dramatic profession, and with a pictorial impressiveness dear to the public eye. In America, still more than in this country, he impersonated not so much this or that character in the drama as the drama itself. He was its academic as well as its histrionic interpreter. For Americans, always keener playgoers than ourselves, he came to be in course of years an ambassador of the arts. "They look on me as the last of the Old Guard," he used to say in his quiet way, when describing how people would travel thousands of miles to see him in his final American tour. Time had given him the authority of what is vaguely called the old school, though, to be sure, it was the authority of his artistic individuality from beginning to end.

As an actor he succeeded by his imagination. With this sovereign quality he overcame physical defects and the mannerisms which used to occupy the caricaturists. There is a story that Barry Sullivan, visiting a waxwork show at Liverpool one day, remarked a portrait of Irving, and said to the proprietor, "I see you have that young man here. But you haven't made him angular. He must be angular, or he wouldn't be caricatured so much!" His angularity, at that time, was all that some critics could discern. "His mannerisms," predicted one of them, "will eat him up." "His Hamlet," said the same observer, "shows a more penetrating insight than any other, but a method so erratic as to discourage further experiment." "By intellect he dominates the stage," wrote Mr. William Archer more than twenty years ago. There was evidently a penetrating, dominating something which made experiment by no means discouraging. Erratic or not, Irving's Hamlet remains for some of us the most real and vivid figure in Shakspeare, with intellect and emotion so admirably blended that the art of the player is forgotten, and the illusion of truth is supreme.

Imagination, again, gave Irving's Macbeth precisely the Shaksperian quality which tradition had eliminated. His Thane was no barbarous soldier, but a poet with a haunted mind, who in the terror of remorse became a craven. The physical expression of this idea was defective; but the idea has made it difficult for any actor in the future to commend to us a Macbeth of thews and sinews, who behaves, after the murder of Duncan, like a puzzled bulldog. Of Irving's Shylock, Fanny Kemble said that if Shakspeare could have seen it he would have re-written the part. She resented the humanising of the Jew, and the pathetic feebleness with which the crushed old man accepts his sentence at the end of the trial scene. Perhaps Fanny Kemble was right; it may be that Shylock ought to be a flame of vindictive hate from first to last. But Irving created out of the modern spirit a tradition which the stage is not likely to relinquish for a Shylock on the old model.

Perhaps it was in Becket, man and churchman, that his chief gift was most striking. But it shone with almost equal lustre in Corporal Brewster. As Becket, Irving seemed to incarnate the mediæval Church in its struggle with the State; and for many an Anglican curate he embodied a grand protest against Erastianism. As Brewster he was the simple Somerset peasant who had done a fine bit of soldiering at Waterloo. No playgoer who carries these two masterpieces of acting in his mind can fail to understand why Henry Irving dominated the stage.

For twenty years he made the old Lyceum the home of a rare and beautiful art. The influence of such an artist can scarcely fade; and the man lives by unnumbered acts of kindness in the hearts of his friends.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Decadence of the Hansom-Cabman—The Cab-Strikes—The Extra Sixpence—The Broken-down Swell on the Box—The Recommendations of an Advisory Board.

ONCE more the grievances of the cabmen are struggling into print, and, if the yard-masters do not give way, I suppose we shall see the little flags appear on the whips and shall have to walk home from the theatre some rainy night because the cabmen have struck. It is unfortunate for the cabmen that the only obvious means they have of fighting those who let out the cabs disgust their "fares." I do not think that any of us have quite forgiven the men for leaving the streets cabless one week of pouring rain, and for chuckling at their meeting before the strike over the prospect of half London walking home wet-foot. The President of that meeting did not know his business, or he would have called the speakers who indulged in such anticipation sternly to order.

As it was, when we read that our friends—for a hansom-cabman had always up to that time been a great ally of the Clubman—were merry over our coming miseries, many of us discovered that omnibuses had improved marvellously since the old knife-board days; and when a man has once learned that he can go for twopence in almost the same time that he covers the same distance in a cab for two shillings, he is apt to save his money. And there is not the difference in pace between cabs and omnibuses that there used to be. There are very few days that I do not go down Regent Street in a cab, and it is as likely as not that my cab follows an omnibus down the entire length. If my cab does pass an omnibus, the latter catches it up during the inevitable wait at Piccadilly Circus.

The difficulty the cabmen had with the railway authorities, when for a time the cabs would not drive into any station-yard, taught me, as it taught hundreds of other men, what arrangements the Companies make for collecting luggage and for sending it to our houses. One day, I was dumped down on the pavement a hundred yards from Victoria Station with the bags and hat-box I was taking over to Paris. That revenge on me because the Companies took toll of the men has lost the cabmen many a fare, for, if time permits, I always walk from a station now, and pay sixpence to have my bag sent to my house.

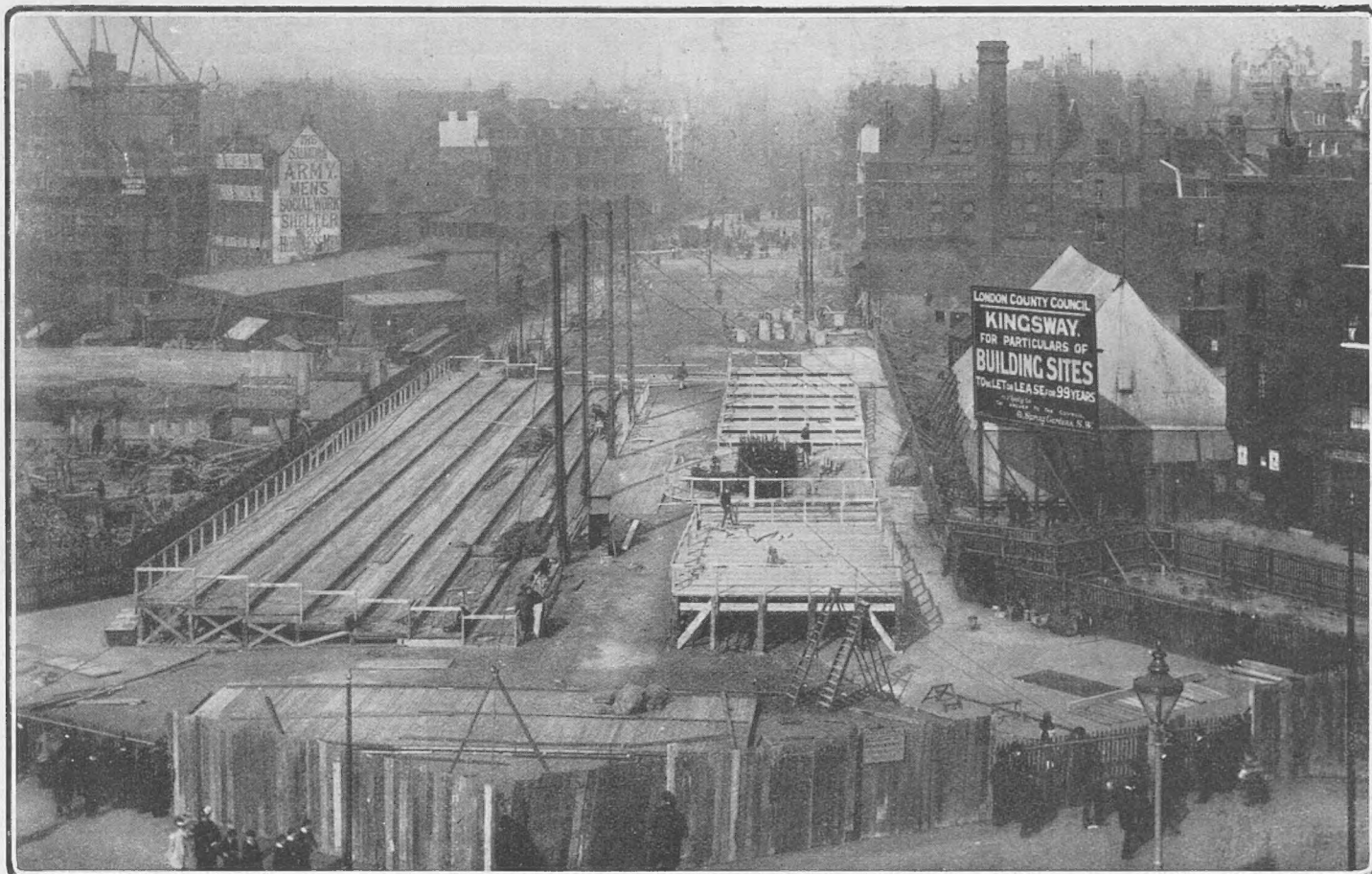
Like most other men of the Clubs, I systematically pay the men more than their fare. I am told that this over-payment alone enables the men to live; but I do not always get thanked now, as I used to be, for the extra sixpence. A two-shilling-piece for a long shilling drive is the fare a cabman likes, and he is apt to grunt if he gets eighteenpence. One drive I frequently take is just within the three-mile, eighteenpenny limit, but the two shillings I give the man is, as often as not, received in silence.

If my cabman thanks me civilly for his fare when I drive home at night, I generally have a few seconds' chat with him, and the chat usually turns on the hard times the men are going through. "Why don't you turn your hand to something else?" is the question I always ask, and the reply, as often as not, is that the cabman "ain't no good for anything but driving an 'orse." The more intelligent of the men are, I fancy, gradually finding other work, and the others are growing day by day more hopeless and more surly. The broken-down swell no longer drives a hansom-cab; he is to be found now behind the counter of some up-country store in the Cape or Australia, drinking as much firewater as he sells the customers.

To compare the sums paid in Paris by the cochers for their carriages with those paid in London and the fares charged is not fair, for the conditions are different. The pace of the Paris traffic is slower, the cabs in the centre of Paris are prowling the whole time and do not spend long periods on the ranks, the Parisian lives on less than the Londoner requires. An eighteenpenny fare took one anywhere in Paris before the taximeters came into fashion, and now most of the distances an Englishman in Paris wants to cover can be negotiated for seventy-five centimes, which, with the twopence-halfpenny *pourboire* to make up the franc, constitutes tenpenny-worth of drive. The taximeter would not be welcomed by the London cabmen, and I should be very sorry to see our men on the box brought down to the level of the scarlet-nosed ruffians that most of the Parisian drivers are; but, if there is another cab-strike in London and I have to ruin more pairs of patent-leather boots, I shall certainly take to motor-omnibuses and goloshes.

I have read through the long report of the Advisory Committee on London Traffic, and I note with chastened pleasure that, if their recommendations are carried out, we, or our grandchildren, will have the advantage of two new great avenues crossing London north and south and east and west. One of the minor recommendations which I wholly approve of is that motor-cars and electric carriages in London should have some signal by which anyone following them could tell when the brakes were being applied. One of the little tricks hansom-cabmen have to get through traffic is to follow a motor-car or an electric *coupé* as closely as they can, trusting to the horn-blowing or bell-ringing to clear a way. The motor-car stops instantaneously as the brake is applied, the cabman does not notice what has happened, the nose of the cab-horse comes up against the back of the car, and the "fare" inside has an admirable opportunity of finding out whether his nerves are in a good state or not.

A ROUTE THAT WILL COST A MILLION: KINGSWAY AND ALDWYCH.



THE ROYAL OPENING OF LONDON'S NEW THOROUGHFARE: KINGSWAY, SHOWING THE STANDS FOR "ALL OFFICIAL LONDON" IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

Kingsway, which will be opened by the King to-day (Wednesday), begins in High Holborn, exactly opposite Southampton Row, and ends in Aldwych, which has two main outlets to the Strand, by the Gaiety Theatre and just to the west of St. Clement Danes. It is expected that the new route will cost a million, but there is no doubt that the expenditure is justified: communication between the north and the south will be greatly facilitated. The London County Council will control the elevations and the designs of all buildings erected in Kingsway and Aldwych, and also specify the material that is to be used in their construction.—



THE ROYAL OPENING OF LONDON'S NEW THOROUGHFARE: KINGSWAY, LOOKING FROM HOLBORN TOWARDS ALDWYCH AND THE STRAND.
—A subterranean tramway figures in the London County Council's schemes in connection with Kingsway. Directly permission has been obtained, it is intended to run the ordinary electric-trams across Waterloo Bridge, to take them through a subway of their own just below the level of the road, and, finally, to link them with the northern system in Theobald's Road.

Photographs by Park and Topical Press.

HENRY IRVING ON THE STAGE OF HIS TIME.

SIR HENRY IRVING WROTE THIS ARTICLE WITH THE INTENTION OF GIVING A BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE STAGE OF HIS TIME, REGRETTING THE PASSING OF THE STOCK COMPANY, AND APPROVING THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE ACTOR.

IT is impossible, in a brief sketch, to do more than glance at the chief characteristics of the English stage in the Victorian era. To the actor's eye the retrospect resolves itself into periods of theatrical management, arduous and often precarious, and shifting back to some indefinable point of time the historical lustre of the "palmy days." Under the old régime of the patent theatres, when the drama was largely a monopoly, the problem of pleasing its patrons was never simple. But when that monopoly disappeared, and a myriad public with diversified tastes clamoured for entertainment, the hazards of theatrical management multiplied enormously. Polonius describes in his irresponsible way the readiness of the players at Elsinore to enact anything expected of them—tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, and so forth. This has been our modest attribute from time immemorial. But nothing is so tragical-comical in the history of our modern theatre as the uncertainty whether the public will take us in the mood we have innocently selected, or complain that it is not another.

Still, the retrospect deals with some stirring enterprises. Macready at Drury Lane, Charles Kean at the Princess's, Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris and the Alfred Wigans at the Olympic, Webster and Buckstone at the Haymarket and the Adelphi, Fechter at the Lyceum, Phelps at Sadler's Wells, the Bancrofts at the old Prince of Wales's, Chatterton at Drury Lane, succeeded by Augustus Harris and Arthur Collins; Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, John Hare and the Kendals at the St. James's, and George Alexander at the same theatre; Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's, Maude and Harrison at the Haymarket; the cycle of Shaksperian drama, romantic drama, Adelphi melodrama, the "commercial" drama, which is said by its champions to be irreconcilable with art; comic opera, burlesque, robust farce, farce assisted by melodies, old comedy, and comedy of living manners—all these offer a field much too varied and extensive to be fully examined in this place. It is well to remember, however, that the vicissitudes of management are not confined to the "legitimate." Macready upheld Shakspeare gallantly. Charles Kean produced nineteen of his plays, and Phelps nearly all of them. This heroic course was not too lucrative; and during a management that lasted twenty-one years at the Lyceum I had a most interesting and varied experience. No theatrical policy can be absolutely sure of success. Time has proved fatal to the Adelphi melodrama. Burlesque has had its day and ceased to be. It is conceivable that even the "commercial" drama, if it does not slip into art, may slip out of the twentieth century. Shakspeare differs from competitors that seem to have a stronger hold on the public, by virtue of his capacity for cropping up again. He has shown distinct signs of life at His Majesty's, and at other theatres. I continue to be indebted to him for popular favour, both in the United Kingdom and in America. In fine, he is the only spirit from the vasty deep that does come when you call him, and gives his stay a vital meaning.

On the whole, then, the fortunes of the higher drama are not more chequered than other fortunes, and the lamentations about its decline are a trifle overdone. We are told, by way of reproach, that Shakspeare is more frequently played in Germany than in this country; but the German theatre is sustained by a more enduring bounty than private enterprise can offer. Some of our enthusiasts demand a subsidised theatre solely for the representation of Shakspeare. For years I have advocated municipal theatres without converting a single town clerk. A playhouse not entirely dependent on quick returns would have manifest advantages for the actor. It would give him a better training than is possible under the existing system of "long runs." I do not defend that system on any artistic ground. It is sometimes supposed to be due to the perversity of the actor-manager; but it is forced upon him by his economic conditions. He must make the most of success when he has it, and of the multitude of playgoers when they will follow him. His outlay is far greater than it was in the earlier years of the Victorian epoch, not only in regard to the production of plays, but also in rent, salaries, authors' fees, the whole gamut of expenditure. Austere playgoers assure us that elaborate scenery is incompatible with fine acting, although it is difficult to say why Shylock should be less effective in a beautiful picture of Venice than upon undecorated boards. Macready contrived to be impressive in "King John," and yet he gave it a *mise-en-scène* which is said to have been as good as any in more recent times. It is safe to affirm that scenery will never make a play that has no other attraction; but, apart from this consideration, it is clear that public taste has demanded harmonious decoration on the stage since the Vestris management heralded that completeness of production which we gratefully associate with the Bancrofts.

It must be admitted that the burden of this private enterprise has hampered the artistic growth of the young actor. He learns a good deal in a well-conducted theatre; but he no longer has the benefit of a frequent change of bill. Moreover, the training schools in the country theatres have disappeared. In the old days, the "starring" actor in the provinces was supported entirely by stock companies, every player having a clearly defined line of business. "Macbeth" would be cast like this—

Macbeth	"Star."
Lady Macbeth	"Heavy lead."
Macduff	"Lead."
Banquo	"Heavy."
Malcolm	"Juvenile."
First Witch	First low comedian.
Second Witch	Second low comedian.

In the course of a season, the stock Macduff might "lay on" with half a dozen Macbeths, and the stock Richmond find ten Richards in the field. The change began with Charles Kean, who went "starring" with two or three players in his train, but relied on the stock scenery. Now the country theatres are destitute of actors and scenery alike, and the touring companies carry their cloud-capp'd towers about the kingdom. The pantomime is not an imported attraction; but it borrows the talent of the music-hall, which was unknown in the heyday of the stock companies. Unknown, too, were the syndicates which now reign over the country theatres in place of the old actors, who often kept a playhouse in a theatrical family, Crummles-like, for more than a generation.

Some of these changes may be of dubious value, but it cannot be denied that the general status of the actor has been greatly improved. Philosophers who exhaust their lives in strenuous endeavour to keep every class in its proper place complain that the actor is the spoilt darling of his time. There is a reaction, no doubt, against the social disesteem from which he suffered for a considerable part of the nineteenth century, although it should be remembered that the attitude of society was somewhat different in the days of Garrick, who drew no little of his strength from the sympathy of contemporary culture. To-day we find the stage recruited by a constant influx from the educated classes. The player's livelihood is precarious, though not more precarious, perhaps, than that of a barrister; and to talent and popularity it offers an income that may set Cabinet Ministers sighing. But the social point is that it is no longer sought clandestinely, but often with a flourish of trumpets. It is admitted that an actor may achieve an excellent position, and display the solid qualities on which the British character is built. Moreover, the theatrical profession has shown a capacity for the practical organisation of its corporate interests. Its charities, such as the Actors' Benevolent Fund, afford proofs of sound management; and by means of the Actors' Association it has striven with marked success to repress notorious abuses.

A good deal of prejudice has still to be combated. It is mainly the prejudice of people who judge the stage without any dramatic instinct, as a colour-blind man might judge a picture, or of people who condemn the stage because it does not maintain a uniform standard of what they believe to be art and decorum. They think that a worm of self-reproach ought to be always gnawing the actor's vitals, as it gnawed the vitals of Macready, who was a martyr to the unhappy belief that his vocation did an inexpiable wrong to his personal dignity. There is also the prejudice which regards the stage as the subtlest enemy of morals, because it so often shows us people in the drama doing what they ought not to do. We cannot dispense with human nature in the newspaper; but some moralists would like to banish it from the theatre. Both comedy and tragedy spring from the contrast between actual life and the social code. In that contrast lies the function of the dramatist. He and his interpreters on the stage are the abstracts and brief chronicles of their time. He claims no more freedom than the novelist, and he does not get half as much; but he has the compensation of stating his case far more vividly to eye and mind than it can be stated in books. Hence his influence is more fiercely debated than any other; and if Shakspeare had been a Victorian instead of an Elizabethan dramatist, his attempt to take a frank outlook on life would have been severely criticised. Fortunately for us, he is a classic. The stage still serves the humble purpose of holding the mirror up to nature; and as it is no more likely to be disestablished than the Equator, I think we may look cheerfully forward to its future.

HENRY IRVING.

AN ACHIEVEMENT OF BRITISH ART.



SMOKING-ROOM AND STAIRCASE OF THE "AMERIKA," DECORATED BY WARINGS.

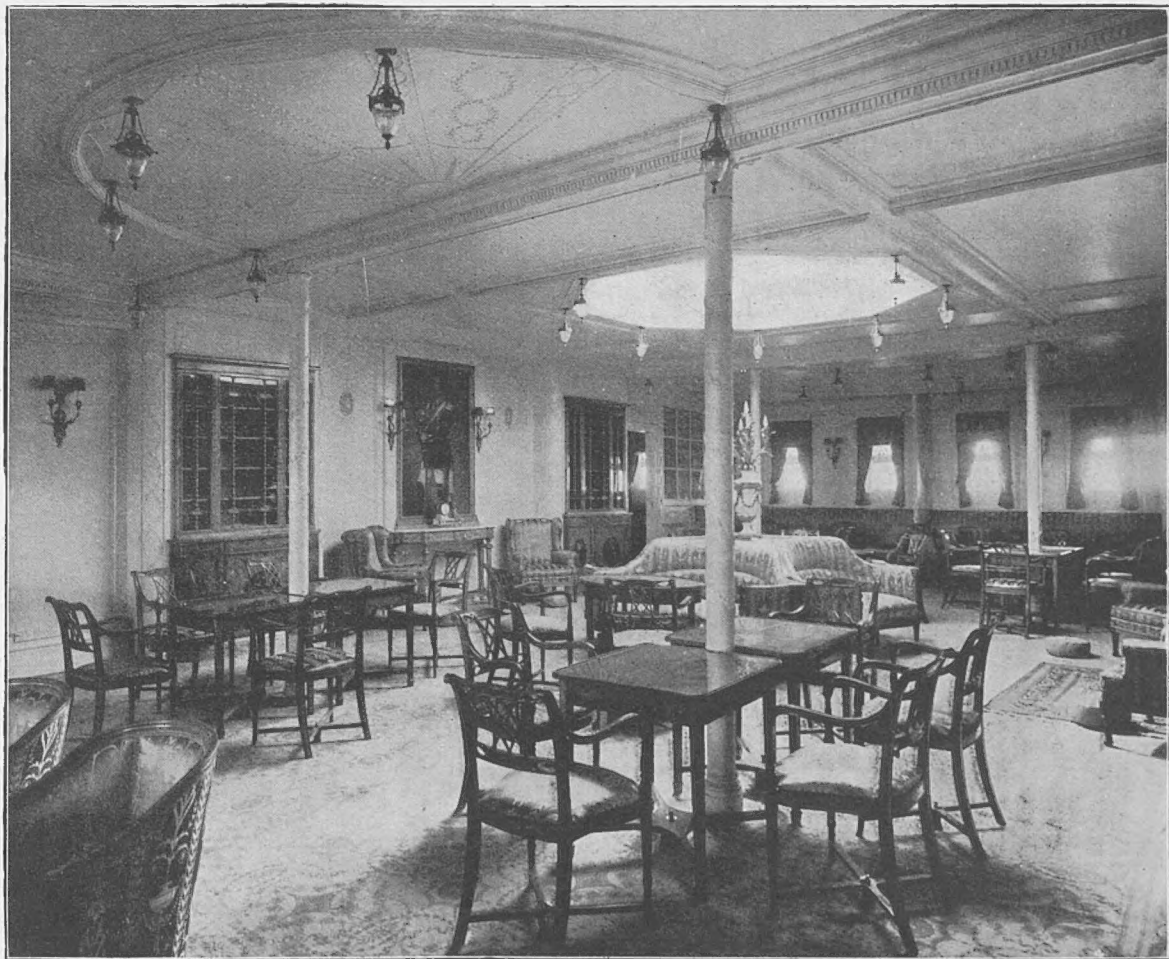
HAVING conquered on land, Waring and Gillow have followed up their successes by conquering on water. Their latest decorative achievement is one that should make Neptune open his eyes, even if it does not make him a little less erratic in his control of the waves. The *Amerika*, the great floating palace built for the Hamburg-American line's Atlantic business, transcends everything in the way of ship-decoration that has preceded it. The greater portion of the rooms, for the decoration of which Waring and Gillow were instructed by Mr. Merves, the architect to the Company, are dreams of artistic refinement and beauty. Of a truth, it would be a hard-hearted and unappreciative Neptune who could batter with his remorseless billows so exquisite an example of "a home on the ocean wave."

The decorators have aimed, and successfully aimed, at producing both brightness and beauty. A few words must suffice to indicate the styles and treatments employed. The Main Staircase, which is an Adams treatment in white panelling, strikes the keynote of a gracious and captivating refinement. The same style, slightly modified with a *souçon* of the Directoire, has been employed in the Drawing-room. Here the prevailing white is warmed and brightened by means of rose-coloured upholstery and punctuated with striking little notes of jasper-blue obtained by the introduction of Wedgwood plaques into the electric and other wall-fittings. Leading out of the Adams' Salon is a Writing-room in the majestic Empire style, marked by a quiet and classical dignity. Here the colour used to vivify the *ensemble* is heliotrope, which, employed by way of silk panels, forms part of the wall-decoration. Quite an abrupt contrast is afforded by the Smoking-room, which is on two

floors connected by a staircase. This is Elizabethan, and oak—solid, roughly fashioned oak—is the decorative material, as it was used in the manor-houses of the sixteenth century. An interesting feature is the fine brick chimneypiece, and round the upper floor is a beautiful carved frieze in light wood left in its natural state, forming an effective contrast to the oak. The carving itself is very interesting, being carried out in the style of the period with a bold finish full of vigour and artistic feeling. It is illustrative of hunting and incidents in the life of St. Hubert, the patron saint of huntsmen. At the head of the connecting staircase is an imposing piece of decorative painting. Waring and Gillow's resourceful command of Period styles could not be better exemplified than in their equally brilliant treatment of the delicate Adams' and the robust Elizabethan.

A Day Nursery is a novel and very practical feature of the ship, and in dealing with this the decorators have kept two things mainly in view—the personal safety of the children and the appropriateness of the decoration. The first is provided for by the rounding-off of all sharp corners, the plentiful stuffing of the upholstery, and the graduated height of the seats; and the latter finds an interesting expression in pictures illustrating German and English fairy-tales.

The state cabins which Waring and Gillow have furnished are in different styles—Louis Seize, Sheraton, Empire, Queen Anne, Georgian, and Adams'; and it is superfluous to say that their mastery of Period details and their fine instinct for a perfect *ensemble* have resulted in every case in a room which is a model both of artistic satisfaction and comfort. The same eminent firm have also recently completed the decoration of the state rooms on the *Renown* for the Prince and Princess of Wales. These, again, are exquisite in their quiet taste. There is nothing extravagant—nothing even lavish; the decorative materials are on the inexpensive side, yet the art is perfect and the results are completely gratifying.



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE "AMERIKA," DECORATED BY WARINGS.

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That the Prince of Wales is determined to do things thoroughly during his visit to India is increasingly evident. The elaborate nature of the programme mapped out for him gave first indication of the fact, and now comes the announcement that it is his intention to obtain a panoramic view of certain of the cities of our great dependency by turning aeronaut when the occasion is opportune. Mr. Stanley Spencer, who has probably made more ascents than any other living man, has already left England for India, taking with him one of his largest balloons for the use of the Prince.

The King of Portugal and a Shepherd Mimic.

That most cheery of Kings, Dom Carlos of Portugal, is credited with having given a shepherd a new rôle and the finest advertisement of that rôle he could possibly obtain. The story runs that the shepherd in question, told that he could mimic the songs and cries of birds and beasts to perfection, journeyed on foot to Cintra, and with considerable persistence waited for an opportunity to give his performance in the presence of His Majesty. At last, hidden by some trees, he watched the King at tennis, and then began his imitation of the song of the blackbird. The effect was all that he could have desired. Dom Carlos asked where the bird was, was met with the peasant's confession, requested more, and expressed the pleasure he felt in a substantial manner that resulted in the engagement of the daring mimic for the Lisbon Circus. Royal influence has also taken the erstwhile shepherd to numerous fashionable functions, and it is whispered that London and Paris will hear him—and applaud him—before long.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.**TO ARTISTS.**

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return registered contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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THE "MASCOT" OF THE QUIEN SABE CLUB WEARING HIS HUGE SOMBRERO.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Elks, held recently in Buffalo, every member of the Quien Sabe Club wore a special uniform. The hat donned by the "Mascot" whose photograph we give was four feet in diameter and weighed over ten pounds.

Photograph by the Humphries Company.

splendidly entertained by the Lord Burlington of their day, but the beautiful old house then existent was pulled down, all that remains of it being a noble terrace. The present mansion is very well suited to modern requirements, and there Lord Londesborough entertains the best shots each autumn, for his preserves are famous.

A Happy Send-off! The Prince and Princess of Wales leave this country under happier auspices than they did when they set out for their great Colonial tour, for the nation was then under the deep shadow of Queen Victoria's death. Again, vast as is the Indian Empire, it seems to many of us to be now, in a sense, nearer and more familiar than are certain portions of Greater Britain, if only because there is such a constant coming and going between England and India. The King's visit there is vividly remembered by many of the older Anglo-Indian officials and by many of the native Princes by whom he was welcomed with such enthusiasm, and they are looking forward to greeting the Prince of Wales. The presence of the Princess will, of course, add greatly to the interest of those Eastern potentates who are accustomed to regard sovereignty as essentially masculine, and that in spite of the fact that the last ruler of India was a Queen.

King Alfonso's Marriage.

The question of King Alfonso's marriage seems to have come to something like a deadlock at the moment. Monsignor Rinaldini, the Papal Nuncio at Madrid, has gone to Rome to persuade the Pope to give his

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

LORD and Lady Londesborough, who are to entertain the King next week (23rd), are very loyal to the great sporting county where their splendid estate is situated, and His Majesty's coming hostess, who before her marriage to the then Lord Raincliffe was Lady Grace Fane, is said to be as good a judge of a horse, and especially of a hunter, as any Yorkshireman. Londesborough Park belonged in past days to many noted folk, including the Dukes of Devonshire. There also Pope and Garrick were

Pius X. some modifications in the Concordat with Spain, without which there is not much chance of the Concordat being ratified by the Cortes. The Cortes is anxious that the King should marry an English Princess, and if the Pope makes no objection to the proposed match it might possibly look on the Concordat with a more lenient eye. At any rate, there is an opening for the striking of a bargain, though the position in which King Alfonso finds himself is by no means a dignified one.

The Payment of the French "L.C.C."

The Municipal Councillors of Paris, who are now the guests of London, do not give their services gratuitously as do their *confrères* of Spring Gardens. The law intended them to—according to the common interpretation of the Municipal Act of 1884—but MM. les Conseillers thought better of it, and so they vote themselves annually a little affair of six thousand francs.

That works out at about two guineas and a half per sitting. Paris says that this is illegal when it is out of temper with its Council, but the City Fathers evidently think that civic virtue should be paid for.

President Loubet's Yacht.

It will be remembered that M. Faulquier, a rich merchant of Montpellier, left his yacht, the *Jeanne Marie*, to the French Republic, for the use of the President for the time being, or for the Ambassadors at foreign Courts. M. Loubet is not a yachtsman, and none of the Ambassadors could afford such a luxury, while the Minister for Foreign Affairs declared that the country could not pay for keeping up the vessel. In fact, nobody would have the unfortunate yacht; but at last the difficulty has been solved by handing over the *Jeanne Marie* to the Governor of the French West Coast of Africa, who is in need of a ship to carry him from port to port in his command. It is a terrible come-down for so magnificent a yacht; but, at least, it will be useful to the State in its new quarters, and the future Presidents of France need no longer dread that acceptance of office would mean the unpleasantness of having to go to sea two or three times a year in an official capacity.



A WHEEL-BARROW UNDER SAIL IN CHINA.

Photograph by M. G. de Ryckman.



TOWN COUNCILLORS AS CARYATIDES: ST. STEPHEN'S FOUNTAIN, WITH COLUMNS BEARING CARICATURE- PORTRAITS OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCILLORS OF CARLSRUHE, CAPITAL OF BADEN.

consent to the marriage of the young King with an English Princess, but his Holiness is known to be unfavourable to an alliance between a Roman Catholic Sovereign and a Protestant. But Monsignor Rinaldini has another task before him, and that is to obtain from

in beating them off and in capturing the *Hannibal*. For over a hundred years Algeciras has slept in peace; now it is once more being talked of as the town in which the Morocco Conference is to be held.



MR. HAROLD PEARSON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS BERYL SPENCER-CHURCHILL. Mr. Pearson is the son and heir of Sir Weetman Pearson.

Photograph by Bassano.

marriage will take place in November from Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill's town-house in Grosvenor Street.

Lord Kimberley Lives Up to his Arms.

The Heralds must have been indulging in intelligent anticipation when they devised the Arms now borne by the Earl of Kimberley. How else could they have chosen details so appropriate to the noble Lord's recent action in challenging Mr. Sapwell to mortal combat? What could be more appropriate than the crest, "A dexter arm couped below the elbow, vested argent, and grasping a club or," and the motto, "Frappe fort"? What better than the Arms with their supporters, "Two wild men, wreathed about the loins, and holding in the exterior hand a club, raised in the attitude of striking, sable"? No wonder Mr. Sapwell expressed preference for a meeting in a room adjoining the Council Chamber rather than for one in Paris. Even Lutetia might cease to encourage the bloodless surgery that now represents duelling if an Earl visited her supported by "two wild men . . . holding in the exterior hand a club, raised in the attitude of striking."

The Queen of the City.

Mrs. Hornby Steer, who will be Lady Mayoress during her uncle Mr. Vaughan Morgan's term as Lord Mayor of London, will have many responsibilities as well as pleasures in connection with her high office. The City has been singularly fortunate in its Queens, and many charming and cultivated women have reigned at the Mansion House. Great traditions loom large from out of the past, and each successive Lady Mayoress must look forward to being bounteously hospitable, for luncheons, receptions, meetings, banquets, and balls follow one another with scarce an interval. In these days, again, the Queen of the City is often called upon to entertain foreign Sovereigns and their Consorts, and a knowledge of foreign languages is found distinctly useful. The Lady Mayoress is expected to be magnificently dressed on all important occasions, and, though she may be plain "Mrs." as a rule, she is "My Lady" during the Lord Mayor's reign.



AN EARL'S DEMAND FOR A DUEL: LORD KIMBERLEY, THE CHALLENGER.

John Wodehouse, second Earl of Kimberley, who recently challenged Mr. Sapwell to a duel, is the son of that nobleman who earned his Earldom by his services to his country as diplomatist and politician. He was born in December 1848, and succeeded his father three years ago.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

An Important Engagement.

The engagement of Mr. Harold Pearson, son and heir of Sir Weetman Pearson, and Miss Churchill, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, has aroused much interest in Society. The bride-elect is the intimate friend of Mr. Pearson's only sister, Lady Denman, and she was god-mother to the latter's son and heir. Lord and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill live at Queensmead, one of the most delightful houses in or near the Royal Borough. Their two daughters both have gem names—the elder of the two, who is now Mrs. Benjamin Bathurst, being Ruby, and the future Mrs. Pearson being Beryl. Lady Edward and her young daughter often entertain parties of their friends at Queensmead and in London. It is said that the

One of Mrs. Hornby Steer's pleasantest privileges will be that of the *entrée* at Buckingham Palace, and, needless to say, she will have absolute right of precedence within the boundaries of her small but important kingdom.

An October Betrothal.

This month has seen the engagement of one of the great *parties* of Society, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Ancaster, and one of the best shots in the kingdom. His *fiancée* is Miss Eloise Breese, a step-daughter of the popular Mr. Harry Higgins, who has done so much for the cause of opera in this country. Miss Breese is of American birth, and since the marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe to Miss May Goellet there has been no such important Anglo-American alliance contemplated.

Lord

Willoughby de Eresby is the Chancellor of the Primrose League; he is a keen politician, and his fame as a sportsman extends all over the world. It is he who organises the great shoots at Drummond Castle, where so many Royal house-parties have been given of late years, and where the late Prince Consort shot his first Highland stag, in the lovely glen for which the estate is famed. Lord and Lady Ancaster have another splendid place—namely, Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, with which this week's "Household Gods" deals. Yet a third great seat belonging to this Peer is Normanton Park, near Stamford. Two of Lord Ancaster's younger sons are married. Miss Breese is noted for her exquisite dancing and her gifts as an amateur actress.

The Artiste Stoppeur?

Even the most earnest student of French might well be "stumped" by the question, "What is an Artiste Stoppeur?" And yet London is now embellished with several members of this new industry for women, for the two mysterious words simply mean "darn and mender," and, needless to say, each fair "Stoppeur" has been taught to mend, darn, and remodel in Paris, the kingdom of dress. It will be interesting to see if the idea catches on in London as it seems to have done in the Gay City. There the "Artiste Stoppeur" and her work-basket are in constant request in those houses where the wife and mother is too busy to mend her own and her human belongings' clothes. It is claimed that each of these ambulating ladies'-maids can fine-draw and clean as well as darn, and that they will "fill a long-felt want."

An Excellent Idea.

Although it seems rather chilly to think of such a thing now, doubtless many smart folk, motorists especially, will next summer follow the example of Sir Maurice de Bunsen. Our British Minister in Portugal, accompanied by his wife, has been "camping out" during the whole of a delightful tour taken by them in the northern provinces of the beautiful country to whose Court Sir Maurice is accredited. Tours in Spain and Portugal leave much to be desired, but a really good set of tents and



THE QUEEN-ELECT OF LONDON: MRS. HORNBY STEER.

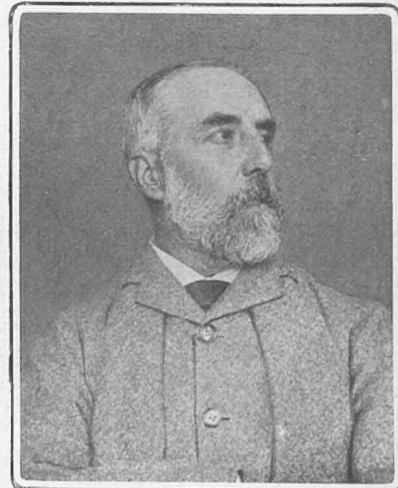
Mr. Alderman Vaughan Morgan being a bachelor, the duties of Lady Mayoress will be undertaken by Mrs. Hornby Steer, his niece. Her husband, the Rev. William Hornby Steer, will act as Chaplain to the Lord Mayor-Elect of London during his term of office.

Photograph by Annie Bell, 179, Regent Street, W.



MISS BERYL SPENCER-CHURCHILL, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD PEARSON. Miss Churchill is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill.

Photograph by Bassano.



AN EARL'S DEMAND FOR A DUEL: MR. B. B. SAPWELL, THE CHALLENGED.

Mr. Sapwell is a gentleman-farmer of Aylsham, and, as is Lord Kimberley, is a member of the Norfolk County Council. He aroused his noble challenger's ire by criticising the action of a Committee of which he and the Earl are members.

Photograph supplied by Parks.



THE DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE OF OLDENBURG, WHO IS TO MARRY PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH OF GERMANY.

The Duchess is fair and rather below the medium height, is highly educated, and has considerable knowledge of music and languages. She is nearly four and a-half years older than her future husband. There are those who say that she is destined to play a greater rôle at the German Court than the Crown Princess.

Photograph by Feilner.

clever, and it is thought that she may play a more brilliant rôle at Berlin than her young sister-in-law, the Crown Princess. She is between four and five years older than her *fiancé*, but it is said that he has been attached to her from boyhood; and, apart from the question of age, the marriage is highly suitable, and evidently meets with the mighty Kaiser's approval. Prince Eitel Fritz takes high rank among Royal mountaineers, and his favourite form of holiday-making is that of paying an incognito visit to Switzerland. He is, of course, in the Army, and it is believed that the Emperor intends to make him more of a real soldier than is possible with an Heir-Apparent.

A Baronet's Claim to a Barony. In claiming the Barony of Fitzwarine, and petitioning the King to renew it in his favour, Sir Robert Bouchier Sherard Wrey, eleventh Baronet of a creation dating from 1628, seeks to gain an honour that has been in abeyance for two hundred and sixty-nine years. Sir Robert, who is described as co-heir to the Barony, bases his right to the title, curiously enough, on his descent



THE FUTURE LADY WREY: MISS JESSIE FRASER.

Miss Fraser, who is to marry Sir Robert Wrey, claimant to the Barony of Fitzwarine, is the daughter of the late Mr. W. T. Fraser, and the grand-daughter of the late John Fraser, of Mongewell Park, Oxon.

Photograph by Langflier.

one's own capable servants solve the problem there very pleasantly. Last August a distinguished party of our own countrymen pursued this plan in Central France, with agreeable results, and "camping out" may be the next Society hobby.

The Royal Engagement.

That rumour is sometimes right is proved by the newest Royal engagement. Prince Eitel Fritz, the second and, it is whispered, the favourite son of the German Emperor, is formally betrothed to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg, a niece of the Duchess of Connaught, and a considerable heiress, for she is her father's only child by his first marriage. The future Princess Eitel Fritz, who has often been in this country, is very

Campaign of 1882, and in Burma in 1885-6. He is to marry Miss Jessie Fraser on the 26th of this month.

A Future Queen?

Two of the daughters of the Royal oculist, Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, will one day wear crowns. Princess Albert of Flanders is the future Queen of the Belgians, and her younger sister, Princess Marie-Gabrielle, married five years ago Prince Rupprecht, grandson and heir-presumptive of the Prince-Regent of Bavaria. Duke Karl Theodor and his Duchess have a palace in Munich; accordingly the young people knew each other well long before their marriage, and the Prince had many opportunities of seeing his future wife's devotion to the sick and of admiring her



PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH OF GERMANY, WHO IS TO MARRY THE DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE OF OLDENBURG.

It is whispered that the Prince, who is very popular in Germany, is the Kaiser's favourite son. He is the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's great friend, and it was by the wish of both of them that Prince Eitel's engagement was announced on the Duke's wedding-day.

Photograph by Schaarwächter.



A FUTURE QUEEN OF BAVARIA? PRINCESS RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA.

Princess Marie-Gabrielle is a daughter of Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, and wife of the grandson and heir-presumptive of the Prince-Regent of Bavaria. Her son is now four years old.

Photograph by Elvira.

from a co-heir, the third daughter of Edward Bouchier, Earl of Bath and Baron Fitzwarine, who married the third Baronet. The Bouchiers, of whom he is the head, are an old Devonshire family, descended from that Robert le Wrey who flourished in the time of Stephen, and Tawstock, their family seat, came to them as part of the dowry of the wife of the second Baronet, one of the most ardent of Royalists. The third Baronet served under Monmouth, and after the Restoration became Commander of a regiment of horse. Sir Robert was formerly in the Royal Navy, and saw service in the Zulu War of 1879, when he was a Lieutenant, in the Egyptian

patients, and this surely should not be, however large may be the supply of ladies willing to follow in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale. Queen Alexandra has a rather unusual knowledge of actual nursing, and is herself what people call "a born nurse." Criticising the plans for the Home, the *British Medical Journal* says: "Even Her Majesty, generous as is her nature, and warm as is her sympathy with the Nurses of her service, would not offer to give £2,000 to the State unless she was convinced that a fatal mistake was being made. That a very stupid mistake is being made there can be no doubt . . . and it only remains to ask public opinion to assert itself."



A BARONET WHO IS CLAIMING A BARONY: SIR ROBERT B. S. WREY.

Sir Robert has just petitioned the King to renew in his favour the Barony of Fitzwarine, which has been in abeyance for 269 years. He is to marry Miss Jessie Fraser on the 26th of the month.

Photograph by Langflier.

many feminine virtues. The fact that the King is mad places his heir and the latter's descendants in a very peculiar position, for, should King Otto become sane, their chances of inheritance would be diminished. This, however, is a most unlikely contingency, and Prince and Princess Rupprecht are always treated, both in Bavaria and at foreign Courts, as a future Sovereign and his Consort. They have a little son and heir, who is now four years old, but during a tour round the world taken by them some two years ago they had the grief of losing a little baby daughter to whom they were tenderly attached.

A Royal Ministering Angel. Queen Alexandra has again proved her practical interest in those devoted women who give up their lives to the Military Nursing service. Her Majesty has offered to subscribe a substantial sum in order to make the Nurses' residential home at Millbank more comfortable than it now promises to be, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the offer will be accepted. It is an open secret that Nurses are often made far less comfortable than are their

*The Man who
Claims that he
can Cure
Consumption—*

Emil Behring re-enters the arena of the world, a man of high reputation and proved ability, to announce his belief that he has made one of the most valuable medical discoveries of recent years. To the lay mind his methods are still veiled in the cryptic language dear to the scientist, but, even where they are but half-understood, they bring with them renewed hope that one of the most dreaded, most malignant of diseases has at last met its conqueror. The Professor's career is one long justification of this hope. Still a young man for one who has attained so much eminence in his profession—he is fifty-one—he is best known for his discovery of the serum which has reduced diphtheria to a comparatively light illness, and by the fact that four years ago he shared a Nobel prize with Dr. Roux. For his early training he has to thank the Royal Army Medical Academy in Berlin, and the opportunities for both practice and research brought him by the various positions he has held on the medical staff of the German Army. Ten years ago he was appointed Professor and Director of the Hygienic Institute at Marburg, and, more recently still, he has been granted two much-coveted honours—rank in the nobility and permission to use the particle "von," and an Acting Privy Councillorship with the style of "Excellency."

*—And his
Rewards if his
Claim be
Substantiated.*

The minor rewards Herr Behring will receive should he succeed in substantiating his claim—for all rewards must rank below that accorded by the voice of a grateful world—will include two fresh sources of income, one of them the Prix Lacave, which yields nearly a thousand a year, the other the £400,000 set aside by a Brazilian Cræsus for the conqueror of consumption. The other honours that will come to him under the same condition will be innumerable, and, if the suggestion made some while ago by a Royal personage be adopted, a statue of him will find a place in the capital of every city of the civilised world.

*A Story from
the Boulevards.*

It is strange from what causes great events spring, to vary slightly the Aristotelian formula. Here, for instance, is a story that is whispered on the Boulevards, if not muttered in the other places. It concerns a "gros bonnet" in the political world. Recently, his admiring colleagues gave him a banquet for his services in separating Church from State, the recent legislative achievement of the Chamber. Now someone has raked amongst his antecedents and discovered why he came to Paris. He loved, not too wisely but too well, the wife of another—a beautiful lady whose Helen-like fairness had set on fire the masculine hearts of

the neighbourhood. Add to the *dramatis personæ* a jealous husband. The place of assignation of the pair was the unlikely one of an octroi station. Thither the outraged one repaired, and the sequel was transferred to the Courts. The locality became too tropical for Romeo. He fled to Paris, leaving a lucrative practice of the law, plunged into politics, and became one of the Pontiffs in pronouncing the divorce of Mother Church from Monsieur Joseph Prud'homme, bourgeois of France. How strange is destiny!



THE MAN WHO CLAIMS THAT HE CAN CURE
CONSUMPTION: PROFESSOR EMIL BEHRING.

Professor Behring, whose statement that he has discovered a cure for consumption has aroused world-wide interest, was born in West Prussia on March 15th, 1854, and has had a most distinguished career. He it was who discovered the anti-diphtheritic serum which has proved so valuable.

to the frivolous Parisian. He is a monument of innocence and naïveté. One day his friends thought to play him a joke. They hired a "Garde Municipal" to carry to the dupe a dummy certificate of the Légion d'Honneur. For fifteen days the artist, in wildest joy,

*An Antidote for
Mushrooms.*

Every year a good many people are poisoned by eating unwholesome mushrooms, and the number has lately been on the increase. It is, therefore, most satisfactory to learn that a very simple remedy for this form of poisoning has been discovered. It is nothing more nor less than powdered charcoal; vegetable charcoal will do, but animal charcoal is best of all. Charcoal, when taken in water, is, it may be said, a remedy against most poisons, but whether it is efficacious against bad oysters does not seem to be certain as yet. At any rate, no harm can come from testing its powers next time there is an outbreak of oyster-poisoning.

*An Artist's Red
Ribbon.*

The Autumn Salon provides more gossip than the more important Salons in the spring. The Jury has rejected, right and left, even well-known names; they may be said to have followed the Scriptural example of filling up the hungry with good things and sending Dives away lonesome and empty. One painter, honoured by the "line," is a standing joke bore the red insignia of the Order, though magnified in this case to the dimensions of a lady's garter. Someone, fearful of the consequences—for the illegal wearing of the red is punished by imprisonment in Paris—apprised him of the "tour," and the poor man now "sees red" every time.

*Princess
Melita's
Wedding.*

The marriage of the Princess Melita, ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse, was full of mystery. The ceremony was performed in the Russian Legation at Munich by a Russian pope and a Civil official of Saxe-Coburg, in the presence of

the Grand Duchess Marie, the bride's mother. The Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Grand Duke Alexis also attended, having run over from Paris in a motor-car, but left immediately after the ceremony. At the last moment the Czar gave his consent to the wedding, but he would not have done so had it not been for the birth of his little son.



THE GATHERING BEFORE WHICH PROFESSOR BEHRING GAVE DETAILS OF HIS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION;
THE CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS IN THE GRAND PALACE OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

The Congress on Tuberculosis, recently held in Paris, was inaugurated in the Grand Palace of the Champs-Élysées in the presence of President Loubet. The dome of the Palace was specially decorated and furnished for the occasion, and precious Gobelin's tapestries figured prominently. Professor Behring gave the first details of his consumption "cure" at the last sitting of the Congress.

THE EVENING-DRESS OF THE NEAR FUTURE?



A REVIVAL OF THE COSTUME OF ANCIENT GREECE, WHICH MAY BECOME FASHIONABLE.

When two young and fair ladies appeared at the Opera the other night in Greek dress, the audience gasped but admired, and it is even suggested now that the costume may come into general favour. It is to be hoped that this new crusade against the conventionality of modern attire will meet with greater success than that which had for its object the revival of knee-breeches and buckled shoes for men.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

MY MORNING PAPER. ❖ By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ with interest and pleasure the news that the provinces of Cadiz and Seville boast a band of determined brigands who are quite busy relieving travellers of their personal effects. The advent of these rogues gives to Western Europe in general and Spain in particular something of the glamour that has been monopolised all too long by the Balkan States. People of my acquaintance about to visit Spain for the first time are very apt to call me aside and ask me if travelling in Andalusia is really safe, and hitherto I have felt constrained to assure them that there is no danger at all, unless it be to their appointments if they are required to be back in England at a set time. If they will realise that the Spaniard, having twenty-four hours to the day, thinks he can afford to be generous and waste a few, they will have no trouble. But now, thank goodness, I can tell them of armed brigands who ride through the country lanes in the light of the moon and bid travellers stand and deliver, and I will add that they dream sometimes of cutting English throats, and healths five fathoms deep.

To Algeciras. Despite the possibility of encountering Knights of the Road, I suppose that Algeciras will be crowded in December, not only by the politicians engaged in working out Morocco's compulsory salvation, but by holiday-makers who like to stay where history is being made. Algeciras is really a capital place for a holiday. You can reach it in half-an-hour from Gibraltar, or travel right through Spain to the terminus of the Algeciras Bobadilla railway-line, which is managed by a Scotsman, and is, consequently, the best-appointed railway in Spain. There are one or two first-class hotels, a bull-ring, a little plaza with pepper-trees on either side, and a pleasant Club. From Algeciras you can visit Tangier or Ceuta by boat, and all sorts of quaint and lovely Spanish villages by the train. Spring and autumn are the best seasons of the year, but the winter there is at least as warm as our summer. Apart from its hotels and railway-station, the town is quite Spanish, with a little touch of Morocco that helps to make men lazy and women beautiful.

Prodigal Sheep. Week by week people flock in their thousands to see "The Prodigal Son," and doubtless they allow their sympathies full play, after the fashion of folk who go to melodrama. So I do not hesitate to ask for their sympathy on behalf of the Prodigal Sheep. I see them sometimes on their way to Drury Lane to pass their few brief moments of unsatisfactory stage-life in a land where there is nothing better than property grass to eat. And I think of them in the days when the Prodigal Son has repented for the last time, driven along the grimy streets of London on their way to some slaughter-house, there to be turned to mutton. I do not say they are first-class actors, but there is a prejudice against killing quite

inferior performers. How else could Mr. Blank and Miss Dash remain alive? I should like to hear that Mr. Hall Caine has given orders that the Prodigal Sheep are to be sent to Greeba Castle at the end of the play's run in London, and that they are to live their lives out under clear skies in a world where the rude word "mutton" is never mentioned. To give them ease and peace in their latter days would be to make due recompense for the terror that stage-life must bring to them.

Musical Paris. Years ago in Paris certain artists, the rejected of the Salon, gave a great exhibition on their own, and among the men who sent to the "Salon of the Rejected" are some whose work ranks higher to-day than anything the orthodox can

produce. Perhaps the hope of future fame is accountable for the establishment in Paris of a Salon of Music where the compositions of the men who are despised and rejected of publishers will be heard at stated hours. When I am next in Paris I shall not go to the Salon of Music. I can imagine what it will be like. There will be weird compositions by men who have supped off Wagner theories and have not digested them. There will be consecutive fifths and octaves in abundance, modulations that defy the accepted traditions of harmony, and weird endings on the supertonic or sub-dominants. Doubtless the laws that are supposed to rule over harmony and composition are always changing, and the discord of twenty years ago is cheerfully accepted to-day; but those of us who do not wish to anticipate the music of the twenty-first century—glorious though it may be—will find greater attractions in Paris than the Salon of Music can offer.



A MAMMOTH EXAMPLE OF THE ORIGINAL OF CINDERELLA'S COACH: A PUMPKIN LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD A CALF.

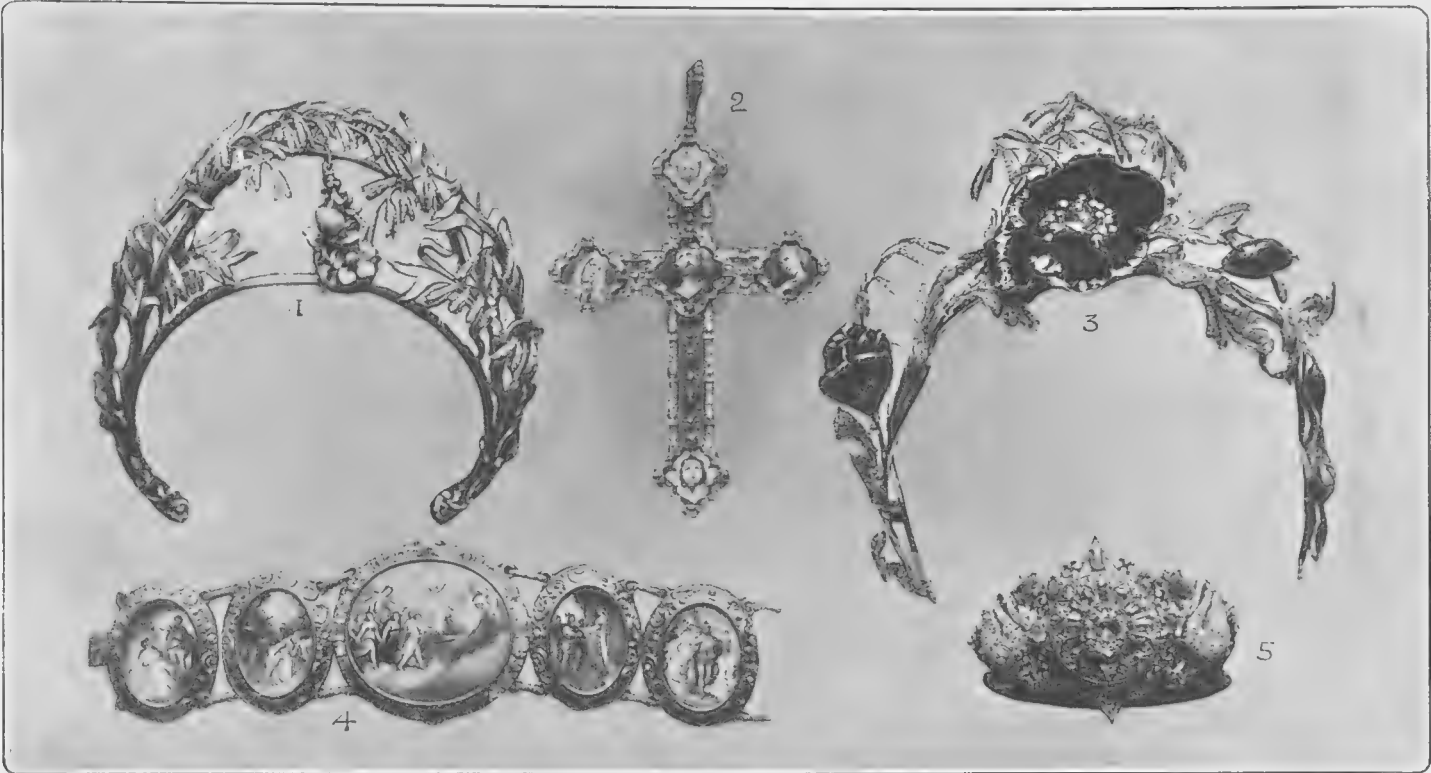
Had Cinderella lived in Southern California her coach would doubtless have been even more elaborate, and certainly larger, than that given to her by tradition and the producers of pantomime, for the pumpkins of that place establish records both for quality and quantity. Huge pumpkins, such as the one here illustrated, frequently figure at fairs in America.

Photograph by Peirce.

stand on end," objects to the critic of the *Echo de Paris*. He will have none of him. Invitations are not sent to his paper, and if, after paying for his seat, the critic writes unkindly of the play, M. Antoine will sue him for damages. Perhaps in France, where juries are notoriously unreliable, he will get some for his trouble. It is strange to find M. Antoine so sensitive when one remembers how he seems to ignore the possibility of sensitiveness in others. Some of the plays that see the light at the Théâtre Libre are as gruesome as the most painful of Yvette Guilbert's songs. They are often very clever and always exceedingly well acted, but they are bound to give a lot of offence. M. Antoine does not trouble himself about this. Why, then, should he resent the appearance in print of an unfavourable opinion? The only good point about the matter is that it saves London from the monopoly of an absurd attitude.

M. Antoine and his Critics. I am glad to learn that our actor-managers are not the only sensitive people in the world. M. Antoine, of the Théâtre Libre, a house where I have seen plays that make "each separate hair to

THE JEWELS OF "THE WAGNERIAN KING," AND THE VILLAGE BOUGHT BY THE WAR OFFICE.



1. A tiara, with leaves of light-green enamel, blooms of diamonds, and a coral and enamel pendant. 2. A diamond cross, with panels bearing enamels of Christ, the Virgin, and Mary Magdalene. 3. A tiara of cut garnets and leaf-sprays of brilliants, having as its centre a cabochon sapphire. 4. A bracelet bearing five enamels, four of Wagnerian subjects and one of Guido's "Aurora," framed in sapphires and brilliants. 5. A bracelet, with two swans in diamonds.

KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA'S JEWELS UNDER THE HAMMER: SOME OF THE BEST EXAMPLES.

Certain of the jewels of Ludwig of Bavaria, called "The Mad," will come under the hammer at Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley's rooms in Conduit Street on Friday. Ludwig's passion for Wagner, which, had he lived in these days of "Cycles," would have caused every musician and most lay lovers of music to deem him more than ordinarily sane, shows itself even in his jewels, in particular in the bracelet here illustrated.



1. The Village Green. 2. The Church. 3. The Door of the Old Village "Cage," now Used as a Barn. 4. The "Iron Horse-Pond . . . Purchased for a Ton of Carrots," now Used as a Cistern.

PURCHASED BY THE WAR OFFICE FOR A MANŒUVRE-GROUND: SCENES IN FINGRINGHOE, ESSEX.

After negotiating for over four years, the War Office has purchased half the village of Fingringhoe, in order to add it to the manœuvring-ground to the south of Colchester.

Photographs by the Topical Press.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Menecle.")

"PUBLIC OPINION"—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"—"THE HOUSEKEEPER."

IT seems rather curious to have two plays produced in one week by important Managements and candidly called "farces"—possibly some audacious people will say that the standard of truth in "The Merchant of Venice" is so humble that it also should be classified as a farce; but that audacity, no doubt, will cause them to be shunned by polite theatrical society. Those who are so fortunate as to possess a file of *The Sketch* can get some idea of the main ingredient in Mr. Carton's piece, "Public Opinion," by reading a tale called "Five Thou.," published on May 27, 1896, wherein is shown how a young woman brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against a youthful aristocrat, with a view of getting his family to pay a sum of damages, on the strength of which she and the defendant can get married. Mr. Carton employs this idea—doubtless in ignorance of the short story—and complicates it and renders it a little ugly by making the defendant collude in the fraud of Miss Pansy Bligh, who schemes the thorough blackmailing of a number of people who had written compromising love-letters to her. The outcome is a diverting work with some very clever dialogue and amusing characters: it would be vastly more entertaining if a good deal shorter. Unfortunately, the author overrates the value of repetition. The cumulative effect of repetition, in a farce, of a particular scene is often immense, but there is always a danger of the repetition becoming monotonous and therefore ineffective, and Mr. Carton is too daring in running the risk. The search for letters which was droll in the second Act is a little tiresome when repeated in the third; and there is one too many of the blackmailees, wherefore valuable time is lost. A play so frankly farcical and involving such slight matter as plot should follow the fashion of beginning at nine o'clock. Many a farce has failed because it began at half-past eight, and the audience, therefore, had too much of a good thing. Too much of a good thing is almost as trying as a great deal of a bad one. Certainly almost every individual scene is amusing, and nearly all the jokes are funny. I notice that one critic was shocked because Miss Compton said, "That's a capital thing to do when you've got one handy," in answer to the phrase, "I'll send him away with a flea in his ear": we are getting nice and squeamish, aren't we? And, alas, an unregenerate audience laughed at the new turn to an old phrase.

It is difficult to guess why the acting of a number of able people in a clever play seemed rather ineffective—probably because they kept doing the same thing again and again, and, of course, could not give sufficient variety. The best work was that of Mr. Fred Kerr, as an irascible old gentleman, and Mr. Athol Stewart, in the part of a brisk young swell. Mr. Giddens, as a bewildered solicitor, Mr. Henry Kemble, as a pompous Judge, and Miss Compton, in a Miss Compton part, acted with their customary skill and success. Mr. C. Crawford, as the defendant, was droll in his curious gestures and movements, though his experiment will hardly stand repetition in another part. Miss Annie Hughes, of course, charmed the audience by her assumption of feline demureness as the wicked Pansy.

The new Shylock will bring about a good deal of discussion, and there seems some difference of opinion concerning Mr. Bouchier's

curious, able performance, which has no small novelty, yet is consistent with the text. There is more of the Oriental in it than in the several others that I have seen, which is a virtue; and despite an occasional note of freshness in the voice, it has an excellent suggestion of age. Moreover, he shows an admirable willingness not to disturb the balance of the play by seeking undue prominence. Apparently he acts on a system of seeking rather to get the full dramatic effect of each scene as it comes, than to compose them into an effective whole, and this has certain disadvantages. At the least, his Shylock is a skilful, interesting performance, well worthy of his reputation. It may be that Miss Vanbrugh's Portia will hardly add to her reputation. All her cleverness and vivacity did not

enable her to escape the distinctly modern note, or to seem really to be quite within the picture. Amongst the others there were no very noteworthy performances, which appears a little strange seeing how many people of talent were engaged, such as Messrs. Robertshaw, Harcourt Williams, and C. V. France. Perhaps the most successful were Mr. Lawson Butt, the Prince of Morocco, and Messrs. Norman Forbes and O. B. Clarence, the young and old Gobbos. At present, the performance, as a whole, suffers from the common modern fault of slowness and excess of elaboration. The play is handsomely mounted, many of the pictures of Venice are very pretty, and there are plenty of beautiful costumes. It will be interesting to see whether in this year, where we have had so much Shakspeare with so little profit, Mr. Bouchier's production enjoys the success that it deserves.

It rarely happens that the jaded critic gets greater pleasure than the ordinary playgoer out of a mediocre piece, but "The Housekeeper" at the St. James's is a case in point. To a London audience, the work may be described as "view jew"—at least, I heard it so described in the corridor. It is one of the critic's advantages that he can get a joy out of technical excellence which is denied to the uncritical. The humours of the play were simple, the mechanism was clumsy, yet whenever the Kendals were upon the stage the evening was enjoyable—enjoyable and exasperating. Why cannot they

give us the jam without the powder—the brilliant acting in some other medium than second-class farce? I doubt whether the authors, Mr. Metcalfe Wood and Mrs. Heron-Maxwell, owe a great debt to these two artists, for, whilst by their brilliance they rendered the entertainment endurable, they made appallingly obvious the difference of the quality between the piece and the acting, and perhaps rendered one unfair to the farce, which undoubtedly had some amusing moments of its own and possibly contains more humorous invention than we admit. One really wonders why such a play is chosen. Great actresses have a habit of presenting showy, second-rate "star" pieces, but in the present instance the parts have nothing showy about them, and it is only by reason of extraordinary skill within very narrow range that Mrs. Kendal is able to render Lady Audrey interesting, and that by remarkable ability Mr. Kendal can give any kind of variety to scene after scene in which his love-sick Colonel exhibits a childish bashfulness. The rest of the Company is not brilliant; however, clever work was done by Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Miss Mary Jerrold.



THE WORDLESS PLAY THAT IS TO PRECEDE "LIGHTS OUT," AT THE WALDORF: MISS CAMILLA DALBERG, AS VIVETTE, IN "LA MAIN."

Both the plot and the music of "La Main" are by Henri Berény, and it is to be produced by Mme. Cavallazzi. The time is the present, and the characters comprise, in addition to the actress played by Miss Dalberg, a Baron, acted by Mr. Akerman May, and a burglar, played by Mr. Philipp Lesing.

Photograph by Reinhold Thiele.

REIGNING IN CARUSO'S STEAD AT COVENT GARDEN.



SIGNOR GIOVANNI ZENATELLO.

For some time past the name of Signor Zenatello has been before the section of the opera-loving world that takes an intelligent interest in anticipating forthcoming events, and it was with considerable pleasure that musical amateurs heard that he had been engaged for the autumn season of opera at Covent Garden. Rumour has not disappointed us. The new singer has a beautiful voice that has been finely trained and has not been over-developed. He is an artist to the tips of his fingers, and must take rank with the very best tenors now before the public. Signor Zenatello is yet well upon the sunny side of thirty, and has already secured a big reputation all over Italy and in many parts of South America.

Photograph by Reale

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

II.—THE EARL OF ANCASTER.—GRIMSTHORPE CASTLE, BOURNE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

WHAT the precise duties of the Lord Great Chamberlain may be, I cannot for the moment say, but this much I do know, that certain privileges belong to that high dignitary, and many perquisites.

Since King Edward came to the throne, the holding of the Lord Great Chamberlainship—an hereditary office—has been settled as follows: There being three claimants for the post, by right of family descent (Lords Ancaster, Cholmondeley, and Carrington), it was decided that these three should select one of themselves as deputy to hold office for one reign. Should they fail to agree, the King selects the Lord Great Chamberlain himself. The Marquis of Cholmondeley is now Lord Great Chamberlain, but during the last reign Lord Ancaster held office, as the Lords Willoughby de Eresby have done before him since the time when one of them married Lady Mary Vere, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Oxford. It was through this marriage that the hereditary Great Chamberlainship came to the Willoughbys, as Lady Mary's father had held it till then. My reason for touching on all this is that at Grimsthorpe Castle are kept many of the perquisites of this office.

The Castle itself stands on high ground, some four miles from Bourne, in Lincolnshire, a little town which boasts of having been the birthplace of three eminent men—Hereward the Wake, who was the last to oppose William the Conqueror; Elizabeth's great statesman, Burleigh; and Worth, the famous man-dressmaker. Grimsthorpe is but seldom occupied by its owner, except for shooting; yet it is a grand old house. Some of it dates from the early part of the thirteenth century, and the original building was surrounded by a moat. One of the towers, called King John's Tower, still exists, and its walls are seven feet thick. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Katherine Willoughby, who owned the Castle, partially rebuilt it. The north front was reconstructed from designs by Sir John Vanbrugh, but the eastern side was built by the Duke of Suffolk, and this contains the drawing-rooms in which King Henry VIII. and Catherine Howard were entertained in 1541.

The Castle today forms a hollow square, the rooms on the north and west sides having beautiful views across a park which comprises some two thousand acres. The

moment one enters the Great Hall there is evidence of the perquisites of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and these are to be found all over the house. For instance, standing on the east side of the hall is the screen with the emblazoned Royal Arms which stood behind the throne in the old House of Lords. Again, on the west staircase is the clock from the same place, which, curiously enough, stopped at the moment of George the Third's death. Then, if we go to the dining-room by way of the east staircase, we find that room

full of treasures. There are the gilt chairs used by Kings and Queens in the House of Lords and at Coronations; there are girandoles from the House of Lords and tapestry which was not a perquisite. This beautiful work was Mary's (Henry the Eighth's sister) wedding-present when she married Louis XII. It came to Grimsthorpe through her marrying as her second husband the

Duke of Suffolk, who subsequently married Katherine Willoughby.

In the drawing-rooms are countless treasures, pictures, and china. The first of these rooms is known as King James's Drawing-room, and this has a beautiful ceiling and walls of delicate blue. There is a curious old clock here, and an inlaid marble backgammon-table, while the fireplace and dogs are of silver. The pictures are by Reynolds and Vandyck, and one of them in particular, that of Mary Panton, Duchess of Ancaster, which stands on an easel, is very beautiful.

The next drawing-room is gorgeous in the extreme, the furniture being in rich red-and-white brocade. Here are the tables on which Queen Victoria and George III. signed their declarations at their Coronations, and also two fine writing-tables, one from the old House of Lords and the other Horace Walpole's official table. The pictures and the miniatures here are very valuable. There is still a third drawing-room beyond this, and the State bedroom in which King James slept.

Down the lower south corridor are the benches from the old House of Lords. Upstairs, in the Chapel gallery, are the clothes worn by King Charles I. at his Coronation and by George IV. at his Coronation, as well as the entire trappings of the horse King James rode to his Coronation. Then, in a bedroom adjoining, the bed is draped with the hangings from the throne of the old House of Lords, while in a large chest outside it are the clothes King James wore at his Coronation.

These are but a few of the priceless and most interesting treasures at Grimsthorpe, and, as can readily be understood, they are highly valued.

Once on a time hounds were kept at the Castle, for the Dukes of Ancaster and the Lords Willoughby de Eresby were fond of sport; but one night the dogs started quarrelling, and one of the Whips went down in his shirt to separate them. Not recognising him in his *robe de nuit*, the hounds immediately set upon him,

and in a few moments had eaten the whole of him, with the exception of the palms of his hands and soles of his feet.

Amongst the Royalties who have been to Grimsthorpe are a King of Denmark, who, with his own hand, wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in the Great Hall: "The King of Denmark breakfasted with His Grace in the Great Dining-room, 30th August, 1768." "His Grace" was the Duke of Ancaster, a title which ceased to exist after the death of the fifth Duke.



GRIMSTHORPE CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



TAPESTRY WHICH BELONGED TO MARY, SISTER OF HENRY VIII. AND WIFE OF LOUIS XII. OF FRANCE.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

II. - THE EARL OF ANCASTER.—GRIMSTHORPE CASTLE, BOURNE, LINCOLNSHIRE.



1. The chair used by George III. at his Coronation.
2. The clothes worn by James I. at his Coronation: a jacket and breeches in one piece.
3. The chair used by Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria, in the House of Lords.
4. The table on which Queen Victoria signed the Declaration at her Coronation, and, to the right of it, the table on which George III. signed his Declaration.
5. The House of Lords clock, which stopped at the moment of George III.'s Death.
6. The chairs used by George III., Queen Victoria, and King Edward (when Prince of Wales) in the House of Lords.
7. A screen which stood behind the Throne in the House of Lords.
8. The fireplace in the dining-room, showing above it an unfinished picture of Clementina, Lady Willoughby de Eresby, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; on either side ormolu side-lights from the House of Lords, and also busts of Alberic, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and his sister.
9. The bed of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, draped with hangings from the Throne in the House of Lords.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.

SPORTSMEN ALL.



THE GAME-KEEPER.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

Some Social Pests.



X—THE DARE-DEVILS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the most charming books of autobiography that have appeared for a long time is "Days of the Past: A Medley of Memories," by Alexander Innes Shand (Archibald Constable). Mr. Innes Shand is one of those writers who have an important share in influencing public opinion, though their names never become known to the general reader. He was a busy contributor to the *Times* in the days of Delane and Chenery, and he was one of John Blackwood's most trusted lieutenants in the palmiest days of *Maga*. The revolution in journalism has made some things in this book quaint and archaic, but not the less interesting for that. The seriousness with which men like Henry Reeve, the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, took themselves and their position provokes a younger generation to indecent mirth. But Mr. Shand is a man of the world, and, though a Scotsman, has a keen sense of humour. Perhaps he is seen at his best in his description of gamekeepers, shepherds, and poachers, and he describes the old coach-journey from Aberdeen to London in a really graphic way. Mr. Innes Shand had the good fortune to be more than once the guest of Horatio Ross, the deer-stalker of affectionate memory. Ross had been hand and glove with all the most famous sportsmen, and when he had pitted himself against them for heavy bets had rarely overrated his powers. His most remarkable feats have become matter of history. Once he won what seemed an impossible bet as to the number of swallows he would kill with a pistol before a nine-o'clock breakfast. It showed his shrewdness as well as his skill. He posted himself at the corner of the house, fluttered a white handkerchief as the bird swept round, and dropped it when it poised. He was almost an unrivalled pedestrian, and scarcely taxed his strength when he walked from Blackhall on Deeside to Inverness, as umpire in a match between two friends who had been dining with him.

Among the most famous Highland poachers whom Mr. Shand commemorates was big Duncan Mackay. He was always generous of gifts which cost him nothing but powder and shot, and, partly from fear and partly from good-fellowship, the keepers of the Chief never interfered with him. Duncan, who loved excitement, was far from being well contented with this monotony. His chance came when a Southerner bought the estates. He was then able to sate himself with risks and adventures. His cottage was watched, and his outings were shadowed. He found it difficult to keep even his own larder supplied with game. Still he was happy. Unfortunately, he rescued the new proprietor in a night of mist when he had met with an ugly fall and was badly hurt. The grateful Saxon gave peremptory orders that his preserver was to have free licence and liberty. Thereafter Duncan was a saddened man who seldom cared to take down rifle or rod. Ultimately, when well on in the seventies, he left his native glen simply because agreeable poaching had become impossible.

Mr. Shand reported for the *Times* when the renovated Leicester Square was opened by Baron Grant, who provided the funds. The Baron stood forward on the platform, sleek, smiling, and sandy-haired, ruddy of complexion, like David, and swelling with satisfied pride and self-importance. He made a capital speech, in which he remarked casually that he had brought his boys up from Eton to

assist at a scene they would long remember. Even then Grant had his bitter enemies, and all about, outside the garden railings, newsboys were shouting over satirical broad-sheets illustrated with grave-slabs and headstones commemorative of the Baron's fatal fiascos which had ruined confiding investors by the thousand.

Of Old Edinburgh Mr. Shand has something to tell us. In the Fleshmarket there was a tavern surviving from prehistoric days which was the only place for a genuine Scotch dinner with cooking worthy of Meg Dods. It needed a strong stomach to face the approaches, but, once over the threshold, the house was highly respectable. The wines were nothing to boast of, but the brands of the stronger liquors were unexceptionable, and the menu might safely be left to the landlord. You began with cock-a-leekie, hotch-potch, or barley broth; there were crappit heads, crimped salmon or sea-trout fresh from the Firth; sheep's head was followed by steaks sent up hot-and-hot; winding up with marrow-bones and toasted Dunlop cheese. But the grand feature of the banquet was the haggis. The gush of balmy fragrance under the insertion of the knife would have given an appetite under the ribs of Death.

Delane, in Mr. Shand's opinion, was the most remarkable of all his editors. His intuitive perception, his sagacious prescience of the tendency of events, were only paralleled by his prompt decision. Of Delane, his brother-in-law, Mowbray Morris, said: "It is these flashes of sure intuition that save him; if he were in the habit of hesitating he would often be blundering." Delane was something of an epicure, and was a believer in good holidays. Abroad he was an early riser, and liked nothing more than a morning stroll about the streets of some quaint old German city. He had a great predilection for Mayence, where he put up at the Angleterre, and directed special attention to a vintage of Feuerberger. One incident of Delane's editorship is worth noting. "One of his leader-writers, a man whom he greatly appreciated and a

charming *convive*, accepted an important Governorship without giving warning or coming to a satisfactory explanation. He proved somewhat of a failure in the new sphere of action, and came back to find the gates of Printing House Square locked and barred." This represents a condition of things that has passed away for ever.

Next favourite to Delane is Mr. John Blackwood, who bound men to him by the genial charm of essential kindness. In Blackwood the publisher and editor were doubled with the golfer and country gentleman. He found a mansion to his mind on the Bay of St. Andrews, where he delighted to gather a congenial circle of friends and contributors. When he came to London on his annual visit, he brought with him the invigorating air of the North, and had a muster of friends at breakfast and at luncheon. John Blackwood's one serious mistake in publishing was the "Cheveley Novels," now forgotten. Mr. Shand tells us that John Blackwood hoped great things of them. They were announced and advertised in a manner that indicated belief, but I have been told that friends of the author found the money for publication. The author's name was well known, but he died in obscurity.

O. O.

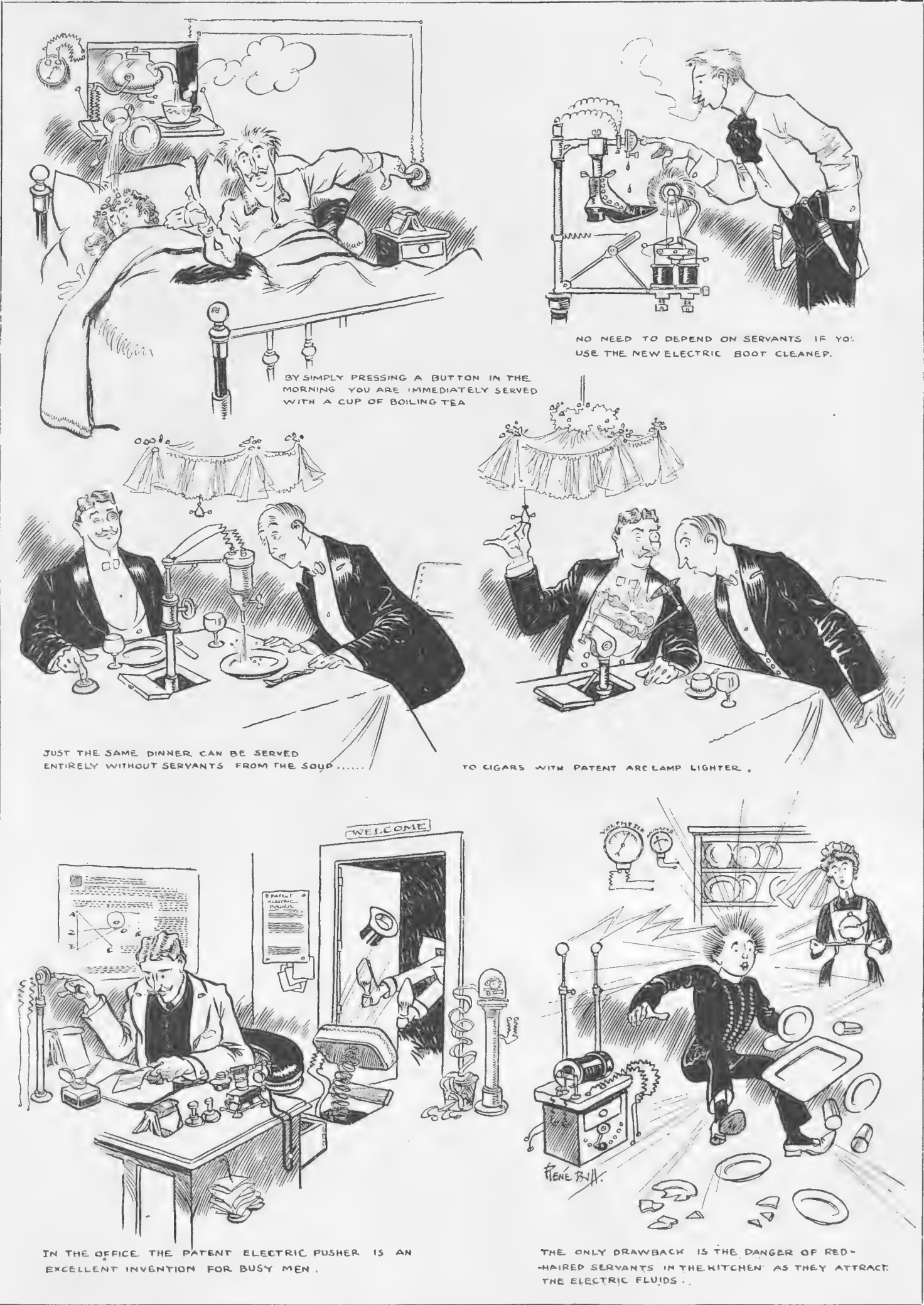


[DRAWN BY GEORGE BELCHER.]

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION!

"'Er 'usband come 'ome last night, an' tried to kiss me. Nah, my 'usband, 'e may come 'ome drunk, but 'e wouldn't do that."

AN ANTICIPATION OF THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.



YOU PRESS THE BUTTON; WE DO THE REST. (WITH APOLOGIES TO KODAK.)

Mr. René Bull, requested to illustrate the Electrical Exhibition at Olympia, did not deem it necessary to attend the Show, feeling that he knew exactly what he would see there. The above is the result of his efforts.

AURA POPULARIS.



THE RETURN OF THE FAVOURITE.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE COPY-HUNTER.

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

MARTIN VOSSICKER beheld a slender, girlish figure, and a gentle, tender, girlish face, with fair hair and the softest eyes conceivable. A pathetic air of helplessness seemed to envelop her, and this was the magnet that first attracted Martin, being himself an athletic animal of something over six feet, and as little like the popular notion of the popular novelist as possible.

She was idling away a summer month with her aunt, Mrs. Randall, at the Manor, where Martin, who lived in an ivy-clad cottage at Saxton, was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor. Thus they met.

When he came to talk to her, he found her less helpless than at first she had conveyed the impression of being—which is often the way with women. Nor were her eyes always as soft and gentle as the first glance from them had seemed to him—which, again, is often the way with women. Those eyes were of a deep brown, widely set and thoughtful, and they had a disconcerting trick of riveting themselves upon you until their glance appeared to penetrate into the privacy of your inmost thoughts.

Charmed at first, Martin was dazzled presently. He found her bright and witty, with a subtle, scholarly wit which would have pleasantly surprised him in a man, but which he found inexplicable in a woman, for he was one of those who—frequently to their undoing—have a rather low estimate of the intellectuality of the so-called weaker sex. Not only was she scintillant in the vivacity of her cultured mind, but there was a magnetism about her which seemed to enliven those with whom she came into contact, much as the moon shines in the light which it borrows from the sun.

Of what they talked as they sat under the beeches that summer afternoon, with Mrs. Randall purring in her wicker-chair beside them, Martin would have found it difficult to say; for it was all so provokingly intangible. But he went home inspired by a profound admiration for Rose Gerard, and promising himself that, so long as she remained at the Manor, he would find his way there even more often than usual.

He kept that promise so well that from a frequent he became a daily visitor. He was busy at the time upon one of those anæmic novels which had brought him a fair measure of fame with a decadent public, and each afternoon, when his four hours' work—Martin only worked four hours a day—was done, he would stroll over to the Manor for tea.

Saxton began to talk, for in Saxton there was a good deal of human nature—particularly of that brand which is patronised by elderly ladies and by ladies on the border-line between girlhood and old-maidhood. Saxton waited on tiptoe for the announcement of the engagement of its popular novelist to Mrs. Randall's charming niece. But Saxton was disappointed. Martin Vossicker was certainly making love to Rose, but the love was purely artistic—without yet being of that art which conceals art. For the first time in his career he had come upon an opportunity of making copy out of a real, live person. He set himself to make it, and she appeared to be assisting him with a degree of verve, sympathy, and understanding which, whilst it amazed him considerably, pleased him still more. He would drop into a chair beside her, tea-cup in hand, and what time he handed her muffins and crumpets he would behave and talk like an ordinary human being of average self-respect. But when they strolled away by themselves, as had presently become their custom, Martin would drop into strange mental attitudes.

His favourite pose was that of a victim of unrequited love. This the exigencies of his case demanded, for such were the circumstances under which the hero of his anæmic novel was labouring. Never for a moment had he permitted himself a hopeful tone. From the outset his attitude had been pathetically despondent, it insinuated that he loved her hopelessly, and that, whilst he was consumed by his passion, he was persuaded—and wished to continue so—that she was unmoved by it. Rose had fallen a victim to his mental suggestion, and she accepted the situation with characteristic—if hardly feminine—readiness. She seemed to play the part he had assigned to her just as he—half-consciously only—was playing the part he had assigned to himself. She was capricious, petulant, arch and mocking by turns, but rarely tender, and then it was a tenderness that faded almost as soon as it took shape.

Martin, outwardly gloomy and saturnine, made phrases and talked in epigrams and inverted proverbs. She, taking her cue from him, replied in kind, with a wit and brilliancy that delighted his artistic sense whilst heightening the artistic gloom upon his countenance. In short, these two young people behaved and talked as young people behave and talk in books or upon the stage, and, whilst each appeared to be fully conscious of the pose, each seemed content that it should be so.

But it was affording Martin something more than amusement, as I have hinted. It was equipping him with much rich material. The mental notes he made whilst in her company he transferred to paper each evening, to be anon moulded into his novel. And so his book grew apace, and the frothy brilliancy which his readers had come to look for in his work was reaching in "The Futile Quest" a height to which it had never soared before.

At last, as the end of July approached, the time drew near for Rose's departure from Saxton. The hero of "A Futile Quest" had come to the stage of proposing to the heroine, and for two or three days Martin had been unable to decide whether to rely purely upon his imagination for that which should be the culminating scene of his book, or whether to avail himself once more of Rose Gerard and to first live through the scene. He feared this might be driving his copy-hunting a little too far; but, on the other hand, the benefits his work might derive from it were—to judge by the past—likely to be considerable. He was tempted very sorely. Hitherto it had been odd touches, odd suggestions, emanating from her, that had breathed into his work that foreign element which made the dialogue glow with feeling and sparkle with spontaneity. Could he, then, forego the advantages of this in his culminating scene?

At last he took his resolve. He would propose to her. He was assured that she was no more in love with him than he was with her. She would be amused by this consummation of all the poses they had hitherto assumed, and he never doubted but that she would rise to the occasion and supply him with the colouring he sought.

He made up his mind on his way to the Manor. Opportunity came to him after tea. Of the few visitors that had dropped in, some had departed, others had gone indoors, whilst the remainder had strolled to the croquet-lawn, leaving Rose and Martin alone together—a circumstance to which they were, by now, thoroughly inured.

Yet to-day a certain embarrassment seemed to hang over them. Martin realised it and appreciated it. He felt sure that this was the proper atmosphere, and he closely analysed his feelings, that he might later on describe them.

"Rose," he said presently—they had come to call each other by Christian names a week ago—"do you know that I am glad you are going?"

"There are certain joys which it is more polite to dissemble than to express," said she, sententiously.

"It is not a question of politeness," he answered, lugubriously.

"What, after all, is politeness?"

"A lost art?" she suggested.

"It is the veneer with which modern civilisation compels us to cover the true inwardness of our natures. In great moments it drops from us like a garment, and we stand—ah—" (he was about to say "naked," but it occurred to him that the metaphor might be a shade indelicate). "We stand revealed as we really are."

"If you cannot reveal yourself more graciously, I would rather that you left yourself unrevealed. Why are you glad that I am going? For my own part, I am sorry."

His hand fastened instantly upon her arm.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked, with sudden fervency.

"Why, of course!" she laughed. "I am very sorry to leave Auntie; she has been so very kind."

He removed his hand from her arm.

"Oh! Mrs. Randall!" he complained. "You can think of everybody but me."

"Why should I think of you, since you confess yourself glad that I am going? Why are you glad?"

He hesitated. For a moment he sat thinking. Then, looking up and encountering the steady gaze of her brown eyes—

"I am glad because"—his voice trembled—"because it is better so; better that I should see no more of you." He dropped his glance. "My lot does not lie in the smooth places of the world," he continued, tragically. "It is not such an existence as I could ask any woman to share. That is why I rejoice that, in a couple of days, we shall have passed out of each other's way of life."

He paused. Somehow, he was not doing at all well. He was beginning to feel ashamed of himself. This was driving a pose too far, perhaps—a fact which, in his absorption in the artistic side of the question, he had not hitherto contemplated. On the whole, he thought it best to drop the subject and effect as orderly a retreat as possible. But it was her hand that now fell upon his sleeve, and her voice quivered slightly.

"Do you mean that you care?" she asked.

Inwardly he groaned. He was not to be allowed to retreat, after all. As he was a gentleman, he could not do so now. He had

overreached himself in his infernal copy-hunting, and he must go on although a church and a nuptial service should be at the end of the road he was following.

"That," he faltered, "is what I mean."

There was a pause, during which her soft eyes were lowered and his furtive glance could make nothing of her expression.

"But if that is so," she murmured, "why should you rejoice at my going?" He shivered at thought of all the things her words seemed to suggest.

"Have I not said that it is because my road through life is one which I cannot ask a woman to tread?"

"But if—if *she* cared?" The brown eyes flashed him a glance and were veiled again.

He trembled. The artistic researches that had lured him into this situation were all forgotten. He did not even stop to analyse what might be his true feelings for Rose. The pose had so become a part of him that his real nature was smothered by it. But at the moment he was dominated by suddenly aroused instincts of self-preservation. He felt like one who has stumbled into a trap, and his only thought was how he might extricate himself.

"If she cared," he replied, unsteadily, "that would be all the more reason why I should go."

"There speaks no lover," said she, quietly. "It is too cold and calculating. If you really cared, you would make a bid for her, and ask her, at least, whether she were not willing to risk the future with you, whatever it might be. No, Martin my friend, you have deluded yourself. You do not care; you only fancy that you do."

"I fancy nothing of the sort," he broke out, half-angrily, feeling that he was called upon to make some protest.

"What?" she retorted. "You do not even fancy it? Your pose is not sufficiently ingrained to delude you?" And a soft ripple of laughter, at once gay and mocking, broke from her. "Let us go and join the croquet-players," she cried, rising. "You are too dull for conversation this afternoon, Martin."

He looked at her, and he could not say whether anger or relief was swaying him. He seemed no longer capable of effective introspection.

"You have no feelings!" he exclaimed at last. "I can say of you—as Carlyle said of Ruskin—you are like a beautiful bottle of soda-water."

That was practically their last interview before she left Saxton. He was filled by an unaccountable sense of injury. For some days it lay more or less latent in him. His work absorbed him, and he pursued it feverishly until his novel was finished. Then, in the idleness that followed its despatch to the publishers, his thoughts reverted to Rose, and the sense of injury returned.

Next the explanation of it came home to him little by little. He was in love with her. He had become so absorbed in his mental attitude that the natural inclinations of his heart had gone unperceived. He remembered the trapped feeling which had come to him when she had almost allowed him to see that she was not indifferent, and he cursed himself now for having so frantically struggled to escape from toils outside of which he felt that life could hold no happiness for him.

It occurred to him to obtain her address from Mrs. Randall, and to follow her. But when he recalled their last words that day at the Manor, he lacked the courage. He had burnt his boats, he argued; and, after all, perhaps it might be better so. He contended that he was a poor man, and there were others in the world who, no doubt, would make her happier. And so, with one consideration and another, he turned down that page of his life, and resolutely combated the desire to re-open it.

"The Futile Quest," by Martin Vossicker, was published in the autumn. A week after its appearance, Martin was in town, and one afternoon at his Club an acquaintance thrust a paper under his nose, and pointed to a review-article headed "A Literary Coincidence."

"Have you seen that, Vossicker? You are in good company, anyhow."

Martin, glancing at the article, saw his name coupled with that of Sebastian Rule, an author who had leapt into fame a year ago and whose work was being everywhere discussed. In gathering surprise he perused the article, which ran—

We have lighted upon what we think our readers will agree is the most astounding literary coincidence that has ever been recorded. Last week saw the appearance of "The Idealists," by Sebastian Rule, and "The Futile Quest," by Martin Vossicker. Each of these novels is remarkable for vigour, power, and insight, but more remarkable still for the amazing resemblance that exists between them. It is true that in the matters of plot and *mise-en-scène* these two works have, perhaps, not much in common; but the characters of the hero and heroine are not only almost identical in each case, but they utter identical sentiments, frequently in identical words, and a fitting climax to this astounding coincidence of thought and expression is afforded by the parting sentence which the hero addresses to the heroine. In both novels we find him taking his leave of her with the words: "You have no feelings! I can say of you—as Carlyle said of Ruskin—you are like a beautiful bottle of soda-water."

This was followed by the reviewer's theories and speculations in explanation of this remarkable fact. But Vossicker didn't trouble to read what the reviewer thought. His own thoughts were more than enough for him just then. He let the paper fall, and, reclining in his chair, he gave himself up to the luxury of conjecture. But it proved for once rather more of a torture than a luxury. He was quick to evolve a theory of his own. Rose must be very intimate with Sebastian Rule, and must have confided in him touching that

curiously conducted wooing of his at Saxton. If what the reviewer said was true—and it hardly admitted of doubt—there could scarcely be any other explanation.

Having reached that conclusion, Martin rose. He must see Rule at once, and they must discuss what attitude they were to take towards the public, particularly if the seemingly inevitable imputation came to be cast upon their work of having been plagiarised from a common source. To this end he repaired there and then to Brett and Hackett, Sebastian Rule's publishers, with a view to ascertaining Mr. Rule's address. He was received by Mr. Brett, the senior partner, who welcomed him cordially, for Mr. Brett was in a state of considerable excitement at the astounding coincidence which would presently be the talk of the literary world. Martin demanded Mr. Rule's address, informing Mr. Brett that it was his intention to see that gentleman at once.

"Mr. Rule," said the publisher, "chooses to maintain the strictest incognito, and I am under promise not to divulge his address to anybody. But if you care to write to him, I will see that your letter is forwarded."

Martin, however, did not care to write. He insisted upon seeing the author of "The Idealists," and he contended—with expressions of much justifiable strength and even of some profanity—that, whatever Mr. Rule's instructions may have been concerning his address, they had to deal with a very exceptional case which would demand very exceptional treatment. In the end he won his way—wonderful to relate—and he left Brett and Hackett's with Sebastian Rule's address in his pocket.

Half-an-hour later saw him on the door-step of a pretty villa in St. John's Wood, asking to see Mr. Rule. The inquiry seemed to cast the maid into some agitation, and for some moments he was kept waiting in a room on the ground-floor. At last the door opened, and Martin gasped to behold Rose Gerard herself standing before him.

"How do you do?" came her pleasant greeting.

"What are you doing here?" he blurted out.

"I live here—with my mother. This is my house."

"But Mr. Rule?" he asked. "I——"

"I am Mr. Rule," she answered, with a quiet, half-wistful smile.

"You?" he cried, in unbelief, "you?" and his fine eyes were opened very wide. "You are Sebastian Rule?"

"Yes," she reassured him, "I am the man." Then, with a laugh, "Don't look so shocked, Martin," she continued. "I know that you find it hard to credit—you, whose opinion of woman's intellectuality is so unflattering to us. But, if you will think for yourself, you will see that it could not be otherwise. You have, of course, seen what the *Daily Wire* says about this literary coincidence? At least, I assume that that is the explanation of your presence here."

Then Martin understood everything. He understood the verve and sympathy with which she had entered upon those make-believe conversations at Saxton. Whilst he was making copy of her, she was making copy of him. Each had been posing unconsciously for the other's benefit.

When, at last, he put his feelings into words, his diction lacked that artistic finish which had characterised his old-time expressions.

"We have," said he, "made a very charming mess of it."

"Hardly so bad as that," she laughed. "People will wonder, and the wonder will advertise our books."

An expression of settled gloom overclouded Martin's good-looking face. Rose knew it of old. It had been the expression he adopted when he struck his mental attitudes. But her keen perceptions told her also that for once it was a sincere reflection of what was passing in his mind.

"I was an ass," he acknowledged, with melancholy conviction, and for the moment—as he met her brown eyes—he forgot the literary coincidence. "I was an ass," he repeated.

"No, no," she answered, with soothing politeness.

"But I was," he insisted. "You don't know the worst."

"Tell me," she begged. She was standing close to him. The proximity seemed to affect him. His hand fell upon her arm as it had done that day at Saxton.

"By dint of posing as lovelorn I became lovelorn," he bluntly avowed, "and without knowing it. But I found it out after you had gone away, Rose, and I so wanted to come after you. But I didn't dare. I don't suppose that you'll ever forgive me. I'm sure I don't deserve that you should. I behaved——"

"Silly boy, you forget that I was just as bad. If you talk of forgiving, you have quite as much to forgive me. And, oh, Martin, I have been punished!" she cried.

"Punished?"

"Just as you have been punished. I acted a part until it ceased to be acting, and——"

"Rose!" he exclaimed, and at that moment the literary coincidence was completely forgotten.

He took her by the shoulders and held her at arm's-length, solemnly regarding her.

"It's true, Rose?"

"It's true, dear," said she, "and I think that in future we might collaborate very satisfactorily—don't you?"

"Rather! Sebastian Rule and Martin Vossicker united should prove an overwhelming combination. We were born to collaborate, Rose."

"And, at least, we shall be safeguarded against coincidences," she concluded, with a smile.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE unanimity with which the writers of theatrical matters have been stating that Mr. Cyril Maude intends to begin his management of the renovated, re-decorated, and re-named Avenue Theatre with a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" would lead the unsuspecting playgoer to suppose that the popular actor's plans were all cut and dried.

As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Maude has by no means settled on the play with which he will open. One thing, and one thing alone, is certain: it will not be the long-talked-of play by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, for the simple and adequate reason that Mr. Jacobs is not writing a play for Mr. Maude.

That Sir Charles Wyndham will receive a magnificent reception on his reappearance before the London public next Tuesday evening goes without the saying. He is to produce Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's new four-Act play, "Captain Drew on Leave," which will be acted by the shortest cast to be seen at present at the West-End, numbering, as it does, only six people all told. They are Sir Charles himself, Mr. Vane Tempest, Mr. Eille Norwood, Mr. Louis Calvert, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Mary Moore.

The production of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane once more draws attention to the fact that ideas get into the air and influence the thoughts of different men working in different methods. This, however, in no way suggests anything in the nature of plagiarism, as the scope of the different plays sufficiently proves, while the time relation of their production is nothing more than a coincidence. Mr. St. John Hankin's clever comedy, "The Return of the Prodigal," serves, of course, to emphasise the title of "The Prodigal Son," and the germ of the theme has been traced in "The Beast and the Beauty," produced last week at the Standard Theatre, which is outside the beat of the West-End playgoer.

The theme is used in yet another play. This is the drama written by Mr. Alfred Calmour which will be produced by Mr. Richard Flannagan at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, on the 30th inst. Its inception dates back two years, for the suggestion of which it is the outcome was made when Mr. Calmour was rehearsing his play on "Dante." While the other plays dealing with "The Prodigal Son" have all been modern in character, Mr. Calmour's work is laid in Biblical times, though the characters themselves are not taken from the Bible. It is well that this fact should be borne in mind, in view of the fact that a distinguished clergyman has taken exception to the production of a play on this theme, though there has been no outcry against "Joseph and his Brethren," at the Coliseum, the dignity, impressiveness, and good taste of that production being notable.

Mr. Calmour's endeavour has been to draw pictures of ancient Egyptian and ancient Hebrew life—a period which lends itself to rich Oriental colouring. This is taken advantage of in the representation of an Egyptian Prince's Court, with its feasting and Eastern amusements, and in a scene in the Temple in which the ritual of Egyptian worship is reproduced. It is the virtue of forgiveness—a father's forgiveness—so strongly inculcated in the parable which forms the emotional basis of Mr. Calmour's play, while his prodigal is never shown as a profligate, a distinction which is frequently lost sight of in all discussions of the character. The play is in four Acts and is

written in prose, but, as the period lends itself naturally to poetical imagery and feeling, the author has taken advantage of the opportunity in the writing of his work.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, whose play inspired by the life of Charles Stewart Parnell is certain of an interested reception when it is produced in America, by reason of its special appeal to the great Irish population, has just finished a new melodrama, to which at first she gave the name of "The Blackmailers." The title has, however, been claimed by another author. Recognising his moral right to it, Mrs. O'Connor has changed her title to "Hush-Money," and arrangements are now being made for the production at one of the leading suburban theatres next month.

An interesting example of the way in which the customs of the East migrate Westward is furnished by some posters which have recently been issued by the Coliseum to advertise "Joseph and his Brethren." In the East-End the Yiddish plays have always been advertised in Hebrew, and Mr. Arthur Shirley's wordless mystery-play is now being announced in that manner. The Sephardic Congregation of British Jews which prides itself on using the true old pronunciation will probably be surprised at the phonetic method of spelling the name of the popular place of amusement in Hebrew characters, which make a remarkable display. Whatever new Biblical plays may be decided upon in future for production at that house will be supplied by Mr. Arthur Shirley, to whom the initiative in developing a wordless mystery-play is due.

Fresh from his acknowledged triumph as Shylock, Mr. Bourchier will take the chair next Tuesday afternoon at a public discussion of the best method of producing Shakspeare's plays, which will be held in the Guildhall School of Music, under the auspices of the London Shakspeare League. It will be an all-day session, for the discussion will be continued in the evening, when the chair will be taken by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Kendal, who may be relied upon to present the actors' point of view; Mr. William Archer and Mr. J. T. Grein, who will naturally talk from the critical standpoint; Dr. Furnivall, Professor Gollancz, and Mr. Sidney Lee, who will, no doubt, introduce the historical side of the subject; Mr. Alan Mackinnon and Mr. William Poel, who will represent the producers, for the former is responsible for Mr. Bourchier's production of "The Merchant of Venice," and the latter's advocacy of Elizabethan methods is well known; while Mr. Bernard Shaw will, no doubt, speak for himself rather than for the authors. As invitations to speak have also been issued to several other well-known people, the meeting cannot fail to be an interesting one, and full particulars can be obtained on application to Miss Elspeth Keith, the Secretary of the Shakspeare League, 49, Southwold Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.

While, as might be expected, more than one manager has been anxious to secure the services of Mr. Hayden Coffin since his return from his long holiday in Norway, it is impossible for him to appear much before people begin to think of the Christmas holidays, for he is singing at a series of concerts in England and Ireland. Instead of appearing every night, as he would have to were he acting, he sings only two or, at most, three times a week, so that he is able to spend much of his time in London. On Saturday he will be at Southsea, and as it is Nelson's Day some of his songs will be national, while it need hardly be said that he will introduce the famous "Death of Nelson," to which his splendid voice and dramatic style of singing lend themselves so admirably.



MR. LEWIS WALLER LEARNING TO BE "THE PERFECT LOVER": THE ACTOR-MANAGER OF THE IMPERIAL REHEARSING IN HIS GARDEN.

Photograph by A. Ulfyett.

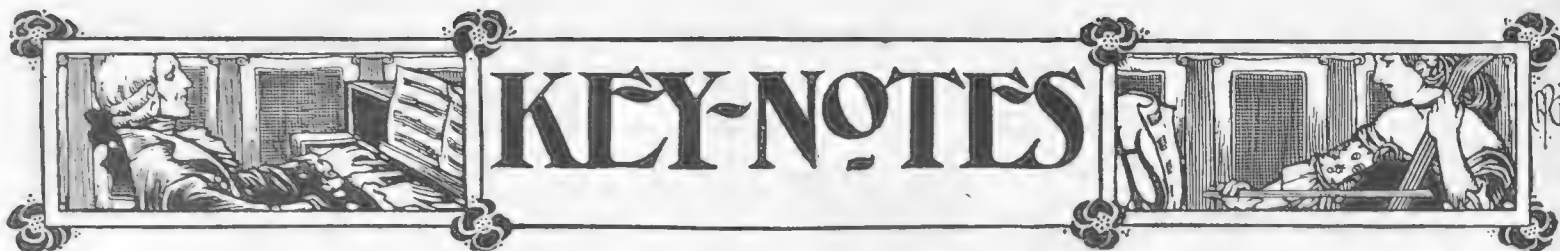


ONE OF THE YOUNGEST PUPILS AT MR. TREE'S ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: MISS JANET SLATER.

Miss Slater, who is sixteen, has been at the Academy for one term only, but she has already appeared in the performances given by the pupils of that Academy at His Majesty's Theatre. She is the daughter of Mr. C. Dundas Slater, formerly Manager of the Alhambra.

Photograph by Hana.

emotional basis of Mr. Calmour's play, while his prodigal is never shown as a profligate, a distinction which is frequently lost sight of in all discussions of the character. The play is in four Acts and is



A NEW series of Sunday afternoon concerts has been inaugurated at the Albert Hall, and the first, which took place last week, was conducted by Mr. Henry Wood, with, of course, the Queen's Hall Orchestra. After the National Anthem, Freyer's "Introduction and Air with Variations" was played as an organ-solo by Dr. W. Stevenson. It is a clever work, but there is nothing much in it beyond a certain originality of thought. The same artist also played Merkel's "Larghetto in B-flat," for the organ. The Funeral March of Siegfried from "Die Götterdämmerung" was rendered in a most masterly manner by the Orchestra, and Mr. Henry Wood here showed himself thoroughly in sympathy with the work. The Orchestra also gave Tchaikowsky's "Capriccio Italien" extremely well, but one was not so interested in the "Walkürenritt." Mr. Ben Davies was the vocalist of the afternoon, and sang "Onaway Beloved" with splendid vocal effect, for which he was enthusiastically applauded. These concerts give every promise of becoming very popular in London, where Sunday concerts are now being welcomed with enthusiasm.

Herr Kubelik, we are informed, made his farewell appearance in London a few days ago at the Queen's Hall, and again showed us that his technique is a thing to wonder at, though we cannot think that his feeling for the music which he interprets is as great as it might be. He played Paganini's "Ronde à la Clochette" very finely, giving as an encore a little work by Signor Arbos, entitled "Tongo." In a movement by Mozart, described on the programme as "Adagio," he was not at his best, but in the "Perpetuum Mobile" by Paganini he was splendid.

The Autumn Opera Season at Covent Garden, organised by Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Forsyth, has obviously the elements of much success, not only by reason of the excellent artists who have been engaged, but also by reason of the general enthusiasm which prevails not only among the principal singers, but also among the chorus. For many years it was a matter of reproach to Covent Garden that the chorus did not take its work with sufficient seriousness; now, however,

one is glad to record that the choir is most careful in all its work and that a very serious attempt to fulfil what may be called the acting sentiment of the chorus has been made with very complete success. We have had Melba in "La Bohème," without any question the finest character with which she identifies herself; and we have also had a very fine performance of "Manon Lescaut," which so far aroused the enthusiasm of the house that a very large audience demanded the

Signor Mugnone is the conductor throughout of the whole season; and he deserves much praise for his versatility, his appreciation, and his interest in so many various styles of music. One would really have thought it impossible that one man should realise, in his own individuality, so many different conceptions of operatic art. Signor Mugnone is so far a fine artist in that he is at home with all modern Italian work as it has been realised by such men as Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, but, above all, by Verdi. It is with the work of Verdi that he shines with a very particular distinction; even in such a well-known work as "Il Trovatore" he imparts to it a certain freshness and a novelty of feeling which, in a certain sense, reproduces the thoughts which must have occurred to our ancestors when that opera, distinguished by many famous tunes, was first produced before the public.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 28, Miss Irene Penso will give a recital at the Bechstein Hall. Miss Penso is now so well known, as a violinist of extraordinarily fine temperament and of singularly fine musical feeling, that we have no doubt that her concert will be a great success. At all events, her programme is of great interest to any musician, for, among other compositions, she has chosen a Sonata for Violin

and Pianoforte by Locatelli, whose work in the eighteenth century almost rivalled that of Corelli, and a composition by Field. Those who know how splendid a musician Field was, and remember that he practically introduced the Nocturne which Chopin made so popular later on, will be particularly interested in this matter. Bach and Wieniawski are also included as composers in her programme.

The directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra announce that they have arranged to give a Special Matinée Promenade Concert on Saturday, Oct. 21, when the afternoon programme will be altogether devoted to orchestral and vocal music in connection with the Nelson Centenary. A word may be inserted here in praise of the article

written by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, about the anniversary of the death of Nelson, in the current number of the *Monthly Musical Record*. That famous old song, "The Death of Nelson," is thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Shedlock in this particular article, and, indeed, despite all the cheap scorn which has been attached to the work, it will always remain among the national songs of our time.

The Sheffield Musical Festival, perhaps the most remarkable affair of its kind we have had in modern times, came to a close last week, and to Herr Weingartner and his chorus should be given every possible praise. Of course, we expected much from that chorus, but all expectation was exceeded in the result. Handel's "Messiah" and Berlioz' "Faust" were the great successes of the Festival, while certain novelties also occupied the thought of large and enthusiastic audiences.

COMMON CHORD.



THE CONDUCTOR AT COVENT GARDEN:
MAESTRO MUGNONE.



A FAMOUS SOPRANO AT COVENT GARDEN:
SIGNORA BUONINSEGNA.

appearance before the curtain of Signor Puccini, the composer of the opera, and the chief singers. Among those singers, Signora Giachetti, in the title-part, was very interesting, and Signor Sammarco, as Lescaut, sang very beautifully indeed. Signor Zenatello, as Des Grieux, sang very well indeed, and acted with a full Italian sense of the stage. On the whole, the season, so far as it has gone, has not only been successful in itself, but promises success for the future.



A FAMOUS SOPRANO AT COVENT GARDEN:
SIGNORA GLASENTI.



CHECKING TRAPPING DODGES—THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION—FRENCH MOTOR-BUSES FOR ENGLAND?—THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA—A WARNING CONCERNING DRIVERS' "CERTIFICATES"—THE NEWEST NON-SKID.

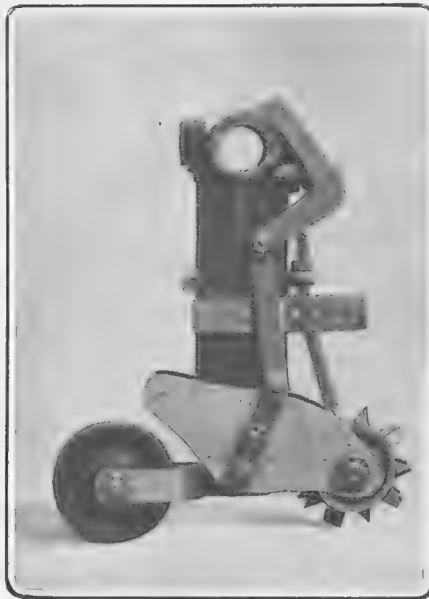
A FEW days ago I was taken in hand by Colonel Bosworth, the well-known Army tutor, of The Cedars, Roehampton, and shown the methods of checkmating objectionable trapping-dodges adopted by the Automobile Association. The Association take no steps with regard to police measures dealing with villages, dangerous crossings, etc., for they consider such spots to be the legitimate locale of those entrusted with the safety of the public. They propose only to take action in connection with police-traps malevolently laid on open, desolate stretches of country-road, where, as long as the road is clear, double the legal limit of speed would hurt no one. For the purpose of warning automobilists of such traps they have organised and are still organising bodies of cycling scouts, who hold up motorists a mile or so on each side of a trap and inform them of the danger they run if they break the law at that point.

The persecution and injustice of which motorists have been the butt during the past two years have provoked the formation of this Association, which intends to perform preventive work which, for obvious reasons, cannot be carried out by either the Automobile Club or the Motor Union. The extent of the Association's work is limited by the pecuniary support afforded it, and that support alone, for it is intended to expend all money subscribed in warning motorists not to break the law. Could anything be more admirable or desirable? This would be the real work of the police if their actions were not dictated by envious and fanatical prejudice; but as they conceal themselves until they assert that the law has been broken, hoping the while that the infractions will be as numerous as possible, it only remains for the Association to operate a deterrent policy. Surely no self-respecting car-owner will grudge a two-guinea subscription to a body that is doing such good work in his interest. The Secretary is Mr. Stinson Cook, and the offices of the Association are at 18, Fleet Street, E.C.

It is said in various quarters that three or four of the London Omnibus Companies have placed orders with a well-known firm of French automobile constructors for over a hundred motor-omnibuses, and that some twenty or thirty of the number will be very shortly upon the main 'bus-routes of the Metropolis. It is regrettable that the orders for these vehicles could not have not been placed in this country; but while our public-service vehicle caterers have been quite the first in the field to foresee the possibilities and application of the motor-propelled omnibus to the traffic-needs of a city like London, our automobile constructors have been as lamentably slow to presage and provide for the demand.

Car-owners about to engage drivers should look askance at the driving and proficiency certificates awarded to pupils by the self-styled

motoring-schools. For a sum of four or five guineas these schools purport to teach young fellows, hitherto entirely without any mechanical knowledge, not only how to drive three or four different types of cars, but to make difficult and delicate adjustments and keep a car in repair. And all this in the brief space of three or four weeks, the unhappy pupils being instructed in batches and getting but little individual attention. Even when a prospective driver has some mechanical bent, he should have at least two or three months' experience in some good motor-works, and even then, if diligent, he will not be too well posted. Driving is easily learnt; it is diagnosis of trouble, sympathy with mechanism, and knowledge of adjustments that take time to acquire.



THE LATEST DEVICE FOR PREVENTING THE MOTORIST'S BUGBEAR: A NEW NON-SKID.

(See Note on this page.)

the car commences to slide sideways, with the result that this movement of the pivot applies to the ground a second toothed gripping wheel, or a set of toothed wheels, these being held to the ground as long as any sidewise impulse is received by the

trailing wheel above mentioned. Immediately the trailing wheel assumes its usually direct line—that is, as soon as the pivoted arm carrying the trailing wheel again becomes parallel to the direction of motion of the car—the gripping wheels automatically rise from contact with the ground, as their work is completed. Directly another tendency to side-slip in either direction arises the trailing wheel is again deflected, and again brings the gripping wheels into contact with the ground, and so prevents any further skidding. The device is thus entirely automatic in its action as long as the trailing wheel is in contact with the ground; and it provides a simple, strong, and efficient device by which the dangers of side-slip may be

entirely eliminated. The appliance shown in the accompanying illustration is designed for a 30 horse-power car. Its weight is thirty pounds. It can be easily and quickly connected to the axle, the connecting bearing being divided for this purpose and locked in position by two nuts and bolts."



A COMÉDIENNE AND HER CAR: MISS ETHEL IRVING LEAVING HER HOUSE AT KING'S LANGLEY FOR A RUN ON HER 35 H.P. DE COSMO.

Miss Ethel Irving, who is to return to Musical Comedy in "Mr. Pottle," "The Gay Lord Vergy's" successor at the Apollo, has recently become an ardent motorist. During her tour with "Lucky Miss Dean" she has indulged freely in her new hobby, driving her car herself with considerable skill.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

NEWMARKET—STARTLING STARTS—INSURANCE—CODES.

THERE should be good sport at Newmarket this week, as the Second October Meeting always yields well both in the matter of attendance and runners. The chief item of the meeting will, of course, be the race for the Cesarewitch, which has provoked more speculation than usual, although I feel compelled once more to

reiterate the opinion that half of the starters are not qualified to stay even three parts of the distance to be covered. Good old stayers like Wargrave, Mark Time, Long Tom, Series, and Merry Andrew may be relied on, but many of the young horses have to be taken on trust, and I shall give my vote to Long Tom, with Merry Andrew the danger. If Long Tom does win, I shall regret stopping at the bid of a hundred guineas when the horse was offered for

the whip after the tape has gone up. Something will have to be done, or the big plungers will refuse to do business on races confined to two-year-olds.

I am told that one or two meetings fixed to be held during the month of November under N. H. Rules have been insured at Lloyd's at a premium of £25 per cent. I presume this means that the amount insured is simply the out-of-pocket expenses, plus the amount of the premium, and has nothing to do with prospective profits. There is no objection whatever to this form of insurance, but I do not think prospective profits should be covered in any shape or form, as all the world knows that when a meeting is abandoned the races are declared void, therefore all entry-fees have to be returned. Thus the Clerk of the Course has to provide for preparation expenses only, including the cost of advertising. In the case where meetings are insured in full—that is, to include profits, real or imaginary—I think the Clerks of the Course should in all cases pay the railway charges of horses sent to a meeting which it has been found necessary to abandon on account of the weather, but I would much prefer to see a rule passed by the National Hunt Committee forbidding the insurance of any meeting for a greater sum than would cover the out-of-pocket expenses.

I notice that several of the weekly sporting papers have adopted the code system whereby numbers are used to give tips by code. In a recent issue of one of these publications a number was given that did not appear in the code, which proves that the idea is not an infallible one. The figure system often comes to grief in telegraphing runners from the course, and I remember a case in which the jockeys on eighteen runners were all wrong on account of the numbers being shifted by the sender of the telegram. On the other hand, I think figures might be more readily used in sending runners, and, as five figures go for a penny, this system would result in a great saving of time and money in the course of a year. Under existing conditions, the telegraphing of starters and jockeys is a slow business, and it is no wonder that the tape-machines resort to the telephones wherever possible. Yet the Post Office telegraph, if properly engineered, could lick all creation. This is readily seen in the case of the results of big races, which are despatched to their destination in less than no time. The man who invents a telegraphic shorthand understandable by all operators would be a benefactor to the racing world, but this is too much to expect from the Road-Wagon department of the State, whose motto seems to be, "As it was in the beginning, etc." Why could not racing reporters themselves issue a code similar to that used in the transmission of Stock Exchange prices?

CAPTAIN COE.



DRIVING A MAIL-COACH WITHOUT HORSES:
THE PUPIL READY TO START.

sale a couple of seasons back. I should note that the best place to see the finish for the Cesarewitch is from the opposite side of the course. You can, with a pair of good glasses, clearly spot the horses coming through the Gap, and follow them right up to the winning-post. Many good judges station themselves at the Bushes with a view to spotting the winner of the Cambridgeshire; but this plan has not often synchronised since the shorter race has finished at the Rowley Mile stand. If Admirable Crichton is at his best he ought to win the Middle Park Plate, while Lady Villikins' colt should go close.

Every now and again we see some wretched starts, especially in the case of two-year-old races with a heavy list of runners engaged, and I, for one, think that the Jockey Club should, at least, allow the experiment to be made of letting the horses walk up to the tape from a chalk-line fifty yards behind the starting-gate. On the other hand, I think trainers should pay more attention to the starting-gate on the training-track. We see by the circus performances that it is possible to teach a thoroughbred to do almost everything except talk, and the crack of the whip given by the starter's assistant should be obeyed by all horses at the post. To make sure of this happening, the trainer should crack the whip freely when tutoring young horses at the gate. Many of you will remember the case of the old 'bus-horse performing at Astley's Amphitheatre. One day, he would not budge an inch in the ring, until a member of the audience, who knew where the horse came from, got on to his feet and shouted, "All right behind, Bill!" when off rushed the Fiery Untamed Steed at the rate of a mile a minute. It should be so with our thoroughbreds at the crack of



DRIVING A MAIL-COACH WITHOUT HORSES:
TEACHING A LADY HOW TO
HOLD THE REINS.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT was a brilliant thought to give us an autumn opera season, and to the promoters thereof a vote of thanks is ardently due. If we poor Londoners have to live out depressing, sunless days of gloom, harsh winds, and altogether fiendish fog from November until April, it is, at least, a compensating clause that music of the best and a succession of brilliant spectacles make glad the classic shades of Covent Garden by night. The opportunities for disporting jewels and theatre-frocks are also gratefully taken advantage of, and Thursday's performance of "Aïda" was as brilliantly set in diamonds as in music, which says something for both.

Apropos of gowns and garments, one finds the little paletots lately brought out as this season's novelty in Paris gaining ground with the best-dressed people over here. Lola, of Dover Street, whose business (owing to low prices and good style) has developed so amazingly, is busily employed making up this novel form of tailor-made. These paletot-coats are quite short and loose, and would, I should think, be hopelessly unbecoming unless cut by an inspired pair of scissors such as Lola certainly possesses, for all her gowns are of the very smartest. The new skirt is called a "semicircular." It hangs straight in front, but, with pleats at the side and much fulness at the back, is vastly more *gracieuse* than the umbrella-skirt of last season's affections. Some of the long frock-coats at Lola's were supremely well-cut. One in blue Harris tweed with a slightly trained skirt was quite an epic in outlines. An afternoon-gown of dull-red velvet, with embroideries like a Paisley coloured shawl and stand-up collar of ermine, was very jaunty, and there was a plaid of darkest green and purple, waist-belt and waistcoat of tan suède, that stood revealed as

Henri Deux capote in blue velvet, having trailing ostrich-plumes at each side, was in good company with various other millinery masterpieces. Altogether, Lola seems a modiste of mark. Her good style is undeniable and her prices quite the reverse of alarming.

The furs of this winter are not sable, ermine, or chinchilla—at least, not for the million, or even the ten thousand, because they are too



A HANDSOME COAT OF THE PREVAILING SHAPE.

conceived and cut by a Parisian. The hats here were also quite original. An Henri III., with jam-pot crown and quaint narrow brim, was just what old pictures tell us the gay gallants of that time wore so bravely; a charming tricorne in black beaver, feathered in white ostrich, seemed temptingly cheap at two guineas; and an



[Copyright.]

A STYLISH COSTUME IN RED CLOTH.

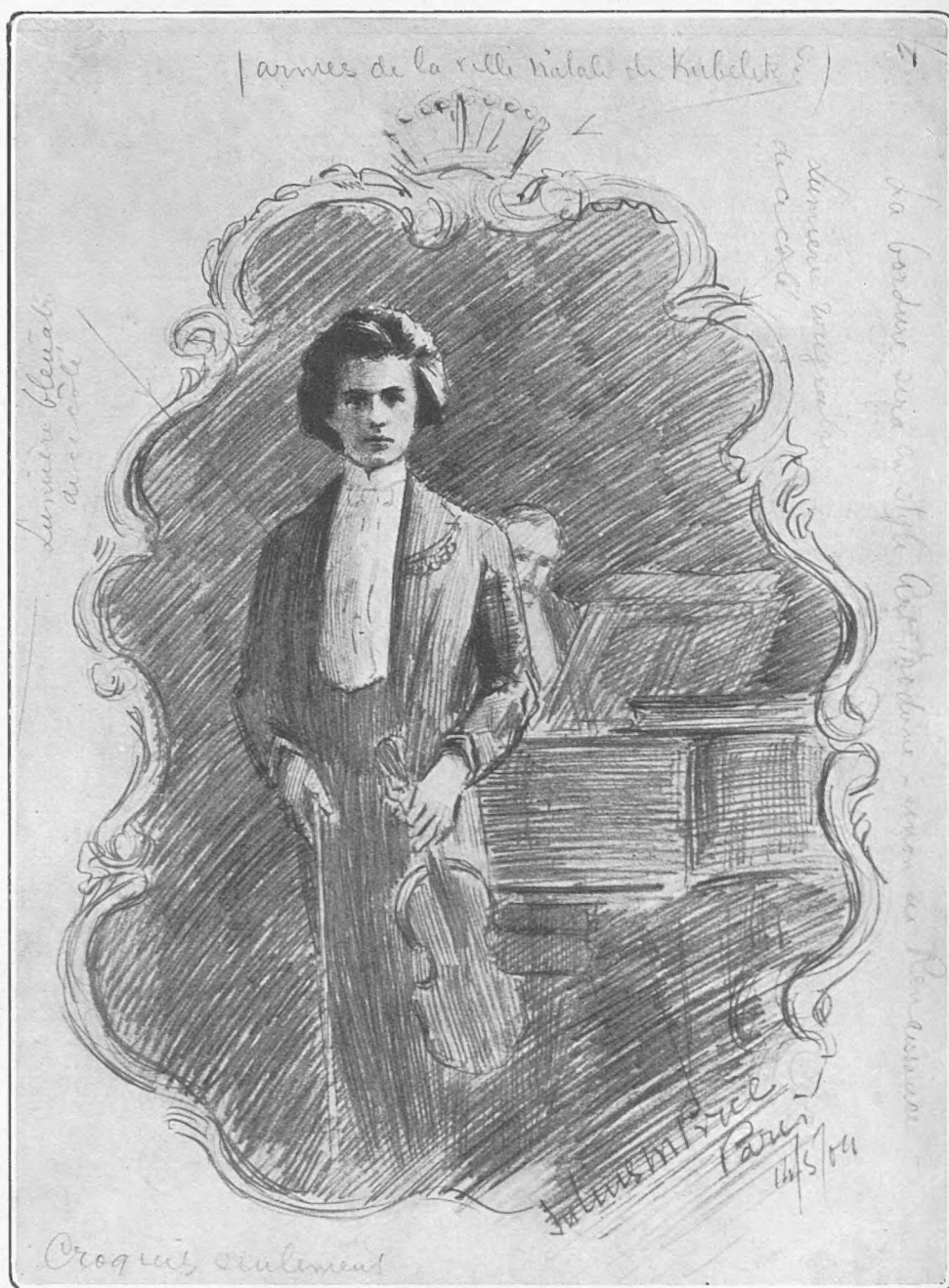
expensive. The price of sables has doubled itself in twelve months, chinchilla grows in value, and ermine costs round about a guinea each skin, so these precious possessions are clearly over the heads of the yearning crowd. Mink, marten, and white fox are at more approachable prices, though also at greatly appreciated values, while the humble mole of English extraction and very temporary fashion has so dropped in feminine favour that his poor little pelt is actually retailed at a penny each. Here is a falling-off indeed. Two seasons since and thirty guineas was not considered serious for a smart moleskin coat. I asked a millionaire fur-merchant lately if sable would ever again come within the modest income and dreams of avarice, and he discouragingly answered "Never"—the argument being that there were so many more buyers than skins, and that, with the increasing wealth of this and the Transatlantic community, all such unconsidered trifles as pearls, diamonds, the finest furs and genuine antiques, would grow dearer and dearer each year with the increasing power of purchase the wealth of the world confers. All of which was very delightful and instructive, but hardly reassuring to the ambitious aspirations of those with merely three or four figures to their income.

One good thing we have in our midst, however, which comes reasonably into the possibilities of all is the American shoe, whose advent has practically transformed the Anglo-Saxon feminine foot of one-time heroic proportions into a thing of passable outlines if not of actual beauty. One of the pet jokes abroad against Englishwomen was the proportions of her elephantine foot. To the sinuous grace of the

American shoe we are indebted greatly for an abatement of that undesirable reputation, and, this being so, it will be found by those who have not already essayed it that a visit to any one of the Company's numerous branches, whether at 119, Cheapside, 113, Westbourne Grove, 373, Strand, or at the head dépôt, 169, Regent Street, will, from the pedal extremity point of view, be fraught with serious and lasting advantage. A very interesting and instructive booklet, showing excellent illustrations and the prices of their various productions, is issued by the American Shoe Company and can be had on application, and it may be finally added that extremely good style is combined with unusual economy of price in all the boots and shoes sent out by this now celebrated Company, who cater with equal success for ladies, men, and children.

The West Ham and East London Hospital, which so well serves the poorest part of this seething city, is intensely in need of funds for extension purposes. At the suggestion of the Duchess of Marlborough, a Bazaar in aid of this project of mercy will be held at Stratford Town Hall, E., on Oct. 26, 27, and 28. Most urgent reasons prevail for immediate help in this matter; £3,000 have been promised by the Annie Zenos Trustees provided a sum of £7,000 can be raised in the current year for the extension fund. It will therefore be seen how important it is that everybody who reads this should help in even the smallest way towards the great work. The district in which the Hospital stands is the poorest part of London. It has an immediate population of three hundred thousand poor—figures it frightens one to realise. The number of even "comfortable" families in the radius might be counted on one hand. Consider, then, what the work of this Hospital must be all you "who pass by this way," and try to aid in some way, however slight, the crying needs of this great charity. Help, in money or otherwise, can be sent to the Hon. Sec., F. J. S. Nicoll, Esq., M.D., 3, Romford Road, Stratford, E., or to the Hon. Treasurer, George Hay, Esq., J.P., Stratford, E., or the Secretary of the Hospital itself; and it would further be well to mention whether money sent is for the maintenance of the Hospital or for the forthcoming Bazaar, which it is so greatly hoped will realise two or three thousand pounds. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are immediately interested and will visit the Bazaar if possible. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid are helping. The Duchesses of Newcastle, Sutherland, Roxburghe, and Marlborough, Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, and many others of distinction and influence are generously interesting themselves in this vitally important cause, towards which it is earnestly hoped everyone in the country will in some way contribute.

Apropos of charity and charitable people, there



A PORTRAIT OF KUBELIK THAT CAUSED A LAWSUIT: MR. JULIUS M. PRICE'S ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR HIS POSTER OF THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST.

Mr. Julius M. Price sued Mr. Hugo Görlitz, business agent for Herr Kubelik, for the sum of £25, the amount agreed upon for a sketch of the famous violinist made by the plaintiff and to be used as a poster. Mr. Price stated that his usual fee for a portrait such as the one ordered was £40, but, in view of the subject and possible further commissions, he accepted the offer of £25. Herr Kubelik was engaged in giving the Judge and Jury his opinions of the sketch and the finished portrait when Mr. Colam, who appeared for him, announced that his client must leave for Scotland at once to fill an engagement in Edinburgh. Eventually, the Jury found for Mr. Price.

is a charming paragraph in Mr. Hickory Wood's life-story of Dan Leno, which so appositely appears now before the pantomime season when the unforgettable Dan used to delight the world with his wit and merry ways. One reads how "he had known what it was to be poor, to be cold, to be hungry, and it seemed as if he had made up his mind, once the corner to success and wealth had been turned, that, as far as in him lay, he would smooth the lot of all who crossing his path were found in similarly distressed condition." Simply as it reads, a thousand hidden kindnesses are covered in this sentence. May the earth lie lightly on his grave! The children and others will miss the King's Jester this coming Christmas.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

QUERY.—You could have an ermine cap made like that worn by Miss Faber in "The Duffer," at Terry's.

SYBIL.

All interested in that best of indoor games, billiards, should write to Messrs. E. J. Riley, Limited, Willow Mills, Accrington, for one of their fully illustrated catalogues. This will be found to deal in detail with everything the present or future wielder of the cue can desire.

Smokers of those delightful brands of tobacco sold by Messrs. Gallaher, Limited, of Belfast, London, and Dublin—"Harlequin Flake" and "Two Flakes"—will not begrudge the firm its success. A well-known and inveterate smoker was heard to say, not long since, that he had never known what smoking could be until he tried "Harlequin." "Gold Plate" cigarettes and "Park Drive" cigarettes, two of the firm's brands, are obtaining an ever-widening popularity; while Gallaher's "Irish Roll" remains, as it always has been, a staunch favourite with those whose purses and palates demand a tobacco of the "Twist" order.



AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: MESSRS. MAPLE'S STAND.

Messrs. Maple are showing many attractive and artistic electrical fittings at Olympia, and a useful novelty, in the form of an Illuminating Table-Cloth, that should be seen by all interested in the decoration of the dinner-table. This, known as "Cooper's Patent Illuminating Cloth," is destined to solve the difficulties of those who object to the carrying of flexible cords across the table-cloth.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE market still remains dominated by fears of dearer money, although the foreign exchanges have moved somewhat in our favour. Trade is steadily improving, and, despite a money squeeze which may for the moment stop any general upward movement, we cannot help thinking that there is a great revival coming, and that before this time next year the holders of all classes of stocks and shares will see a very considerable appreciation in the capital value of their investments. From all parts of England we hear the same story. Lancashire is in an active and flourishing condition, the steel and iron trade is inundated with orders, old furnaces are being blown in again, and the result of it all can hardly fail to react on the Stock Exchange, on the railways, and on the general prosperity of the country.

These columns have never professed to consider the fluctuations of stocks and shares from day to day, or give tips to the "carry over" gambler; therefore we say little as to whether prices will go lower before they are higher; but we have a strong faith that the evil days of the last four years are nearly over, and that in Home Rails, in Home Industrials, and in the value of stocks and shares in general we shall see a great rise within a reasonable time. Probably the mining section, and especially Kaffirs, will be the last to attract public support.

EGYPTIAN GOLD-MINING.

Mr. Charles John Alford, whose portrait we give this week, is probably the best-known of our mining-engineers. He has had a long and successful career, and few people have had a wider experience. He conducted many expeditions for the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes and was his most trusted adviser in all mining matters, while he was one of the first to realise the immense possibilities of the Rand. There was, therefore, considerable curiosity to hear what Mr. Alford was going to say at the Central Egypt Exploration Company meeting on the 12th inst., especially as it was known he intended to review the whole Egyptian position. Public expectation was not disappointed, for in the course of the very remarkable speech which he delivered he dealt fully with Egyptian gold-mining and with the Central Company almost incidentally. "I look back," he said, "upon the early days of the Indian mines, which these Egyptian mines so much resemble, when the same apathy under which we are labouring now was clouding them and hindering the day of their prosperity. Where were the Mysore, the Champion Reef, and the Ooregum Mines in the early 'eighties? I desire to see no mad boom in Egyptian mines, which, in the end, does far more harm than good; but I do desire some recognition and support for what I believe will shortly be an important and profitable mining industry."

He closed one of the most interesting speeches he has ever delivered—for Mr. Alford, in addition to being a great mining authority, is also somewhat of an orator—by saying, "My mining life has been a long one. I have made failures and I have made successes, and I mean to crown it with the success of Egyptian mining." Those who know the man and the extreme caution which characterises his reports will see that he has here gone farther than he went even in the early Johannesburg days. There is no doubt, as the readers of *The Sketch* well know, for we have endeavoured to keep them posted in all the developments of Egyptian mining, that the various mines now being opened up in the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company's original ground are showing most remarkable results. Unless Mr. Alford has made a big mistake, the shareholders will reap a very handsome reward when all their properties are producing gold. Um Rus, which was the first mine, is looking extremely well, and the gold output, now that the new rock-drills are at work, will be very largely increased in the next few months. The reef at Semna, the property of the Fatira Company, has a width of 12 feet, showing an average assay throughout the vein of 1½ ounces. The Atallah Mine, with which the Central Company is more intimately associated, shows extraordinary values, although, as Mr. Alford said, the veins are narrow.

We know there is some confusion in the public mind as to the various Companies, and, to make the matter clear, we may say that the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, Limited, was the parent Company, and holds a large interest in the Central Egypt Exploration Company, which is developing the Atallah Mines, in the Eridia

(Egypt) Exploring Company, which is developing the Eridia Mines, and in the Fatira (Egypt) Exploring Company, which is developing the Semna Mines. These, together with Um Rus, form the Alford group.

THE PREMIER (TRANVAAL) DIAMOND-MINING COMPANY.

The shares of this Company have been rather weak lately, partly owing to an apparent falling off in the productiveness of the ground washed, and partly to talk of the dividend for the current half-year not being forthcoming. Shareholders need be under no apprehensions on either point. The reason for the slight falling off in the yield per 100 loads was fully explained by Mr. W. E. Bleloch, who is a Director of the Company, at the annual meeting of the United S.A. Association yesterday. It has been necessary lately to treat ground which is rather below the average, because an excavation had to be made in one particular part of the mine in order to make a face for the large new gear which is being erected. Mr. Bleloch, however, regarded this falling off as purely temporary, and considered seventy carats per 100 loads as about the average of the mine, and this coincides with what I have heard from other well-informed quarters. As to the final dividend for this year, no doubt a dividend has been earned, and it should be remembered that the big Cullinan diamond alone represents a handsome return to the shareholders; but, in view of the large dividends they are sure to receive in the near future, it cannot much matter to the shareholders whether they do or do not receive a dividend this half-year. As is almost always the case, the erection of the huge new plant and the provision of adequate water supplies has taken longer and cost more than had been expected, and it is possible that a part of this year's profits may have to be devoted to meeting these expenses, but it is impossible to speak positively on this point till the report is issued. Meanwhile the prospects for next year are very bright. I cannot do better than quote the following from Lord C. Montagu's speech at the meeting referred to above, premising that his Lordship is himself on the London Board of the Premier Company—

"We hold at the present time 11,000 of these shares—Premier Deferred—and I believe I am justified in expecting yearly dividends of at least £2 per share so soon as the present developments are completed and the new machinery is started. The new gear should be ready towards the end of January, and then the yield per month should result in over 200,000 carats, as against 64,000 carats, which has been the average for the past six months."

The profit per carat in 1904—the figures for 1905 are not yet available—was £1, so that, on the basis of these figures, the annual profit works out at £2,400,000, of which £960,000 would come to the Company; £100,000 is required for the Preference shares, leaving £860,000 for the Deferred. To pay £2 per share only £640,000 is required. I have not space here for further quotations, but I would recommend anyone who is interested to read the whole of the speeches at the meeting of the U.S.A. Association.—Q.

P.S.—Midland of Uruguay Debentures are a rather attractive speculative investment. An extra one per cent. has just been declared, making the total interest paid for the year 5 per cent., as against 4½ per cent. for the last two years, while from 1907 the Debentures rank for 6 per cent.

Esperanza and El Oro shares have advanced, as I anticipated, and seem worth holding. Mexico El Oro shares are also likely to improve, as the developments are said to be satisfactory. It does not seem to be generally known that the El Oro Company has a substantial interest in this property.

Oct. 13, 1905.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"It's just a toss-up," said The Banker, colloquially.

"Tails!" called The Jobber.

"Have I won?"

"Have you one?" repeated The City Editor. "There is no doubt that you used to have a tail in your prehistoric state. That's why—"

"Hark to the tales of a journalist," scoffed The Jobber. "What has this to do with the Bank Rate?"

The Banker calmly continued as though no interruption had taken place—

"Bankers in Lombard Street think that the chance of a change is very much of a toss-up."

"Will the bulls toss-up the bears?" inquired the irrepressible Jobber. "Or what?"

"Pity we can't bear you," said The Broker, in irritable contradiction. "What is there to make Consols better?"

"Mullens Marshall?" suggested The Solicitor.

"Aha, there you touch the spot! If the Government come in buyers at the—"

"—next election," interpolated The Jobber.

"If the Government come in buyers at the psychological moment, we might see Consols move up."

"Hurrah for Home Rails!" murmured The Engineer.

"Bully for Yankees!" sighed The Jobber, sadly.

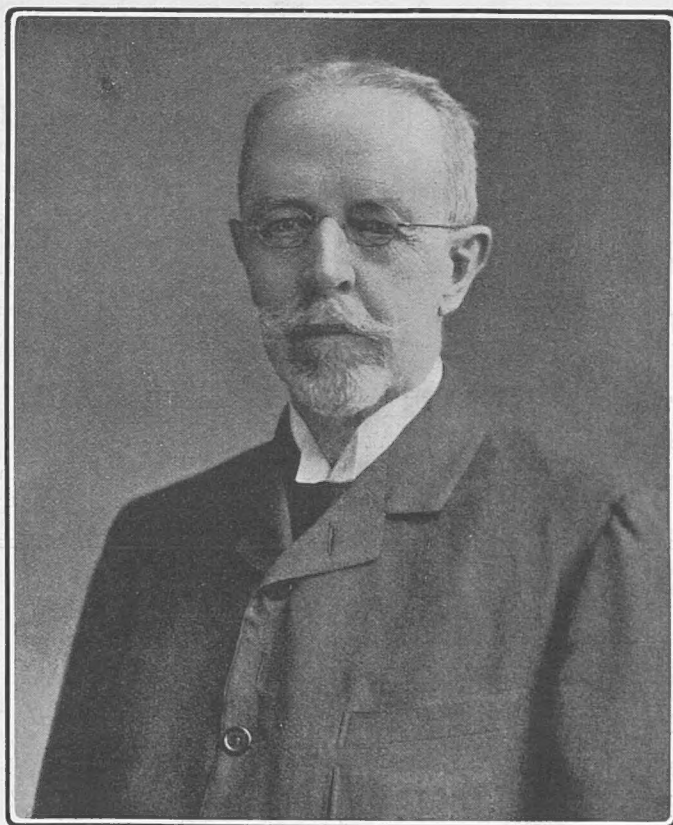
"Up with Kaffirs!" The City Editor sneered.

"A good rise in Consols would make all the difference to your markets," maintained The Banker.

"Oo-ay," agreed The Solicitor, recently returned from the moors. "But my experience goes to show that people are still hungry for good second-class investments that pay four to five per cent."

"Which, I suppose, you find in jerry-built mortgages and apopleptic reversions," The Jobber taunted him.

The Solicitor laughed with the utmost good-humour, and neatly dislodged his enemy's pipe with a deft twist of his newspaper.



THE PIONEER OF EGYPTIAN MINING: MR. C. J. ALFORD.

Photograph by the Army and Navy Auxiliary C.S., Ltd.

"Ashes to ashes," The Broker commented, as the owner of the pipe dived after his property. "Good investments, Imperial Tobacco Preference and Salmon and Gluckstein."

"There's a good thing called 'Metropolitan Amalgamated Carriage and Waggon Company,' dealt in chiefly by Birmingham——"

"Worse title than the Randfontein," objected The Engineer.

"It's a sound concern, though; pays well and likely to do better."

"Getting catholic in our tastes," observed The City Editor.

"London isn't the only market in the world," The Engineer retorted.

"I say," said The Jobber, trying to avert the coming breeze, "let's talk about Yankees, eh?" and he looked round eagerly, to see if anybody would take up his particular market.

"Why not?" they all asked.

"Well, go on," he entreated.

"Anglo-Paraguay Lands are a good gamble," observed The Broker

"But Americans——"

"And Cordoba North-Western Debentures will certainly touch fifty," added The Engineer. "I have excellent reasons for saying so."

"Told you all along to buy Hudson's Bays," put in The City Editor, with an air of complete innocence.

"Yes, but——"

"Big buyers about of Trunks, Ordinary and Thirds," said The Broker. "That means a sharp rise or I'll eat my hat."

"You'll eat mine first," exclaimed the exasperated Jobber, standing up threateningly.

"Permit me to draw your attention to the fact that this isn't a tunnel," The Broker replied. "May I trouble you for a match?"

"Charmed," answered The Jobber, producing his box. "That's one each to you fellows," he continued, as he sat down again. "I forgive, but I never forget. Here, Brokie, where's that match-box?"

"So sorry. Unlike you, I forget, but I never forgive," and The Broker handed the box to its unthanking proprietor.

"Speaking of Industrials," said The City Editor, with journalistic latitude, "will the iron and steel boom much longer last?"

"I doubt if it can much farther go," mimicked The Engineer, "although they say that Vickers will rise to 5 and Armstrongs too."

The Broker doubted both prices. "They oughtn't to be sold yet, all the same," he considered.

"I bought Vickers the other day for an investment," said The Engineer. "I believe I shall see five shillings' profit on them before long."

"I like something more speculative," confessed The Solicitor. "Yangtse Valleys, now——"

"They're right enough," The Broker confirmed. "We shan't see——"

"Shansi, you mean," said The Jobber. "I must Pekin to depart. But one of these days——"

"Revenge is the mother of all Yankee bears," was The City Editor's last fling at him as the train slowly left the platform.

Saturday, October 14, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. E.—(1) The Trafford Park shares are a speculation, and a great deal depends on the future success of the Ship Canal. There are £436,000 Debentures in front of them, and the property must be worth nearly a million to make the shares good buying, considering how long you may have to wait. (2) There are other mines we prefer. (3) We hear well of this Company. The reserve is £72,000. (4) No. We have no faith in the Company or its financial methods.

POTTERNEWTON.—We also hear that the Company is doing fairly well.

J. C.—We have answered your letter, and should be glad to hear if the firm whose name we sent you prove satisfactory.

F. S. W.—Unless there is a general revival in cheap South Africans, which we do not think over-probable, there is not much advantage in holding the shares you name. Sell, and put the money into something more promising and more active.

F. S.—Our opinion is that other markets offer a better chance of a rise. While you are holding on to your Kaffirs, you might have turned your money over in other things and got your losses back.

E. C.—The dividend is due in April and October.

TOKOS.—All the stocks are fair risks, with prospects of steady interest and capital appreciation.

IRELAND.—All the shares are first-rate.

E. H.—To sell Railways and buy Premiers is, of course, a risk, but if you are willing to take it we think you will make money. As long as you understand you are giving up a certainty for an uncertainty, there is no objection.

MEDICUS.—We do not believe any good will ever come of the shares, but in mining it is foolish to be sure.

GWALIA CONSOLIDATED.—The Company is making £500 profit a month. It has ten head of stamps and has bought and paid for twenty more. The directors are about to send out an interim report.

E. W. S.—There is no reason why you should not go on paying your premium. The Company is absolutely solvent, and the present investigation will prevent any recurrence of the scandals. Nobody but a lunatic would drop his policy because of what has happened.

W. T.—Westralia is so unfashionable that it will take a good bit to revive the market. Probably it will be cheaper in the end to sell now.

W. W.—We presume your question refers to the 5 per cent. Perpetual Debenture Stock. The interest has, within our memory, always been paid on this. If you mean the 5 per cent. First Preference stock, the full interest has not always been paid. Of course, Debenture stock is better than any other class of security.

ALPHA.—The paper has not much standing. The article is a violent attack on one of the African houses, none of whose financial methods are over-clean. The big Company is not going to smash, and the price may easily go back to your figure; but Kaffirs look like the least likely market to revive just now.

MRS. S.—We have sent you the broker's name.

MRS. H.—Your letter has been answered.

CRESCENDO.—The shares are a promising long shot, for the line will not be open for through traffic for some years, on account of delays on the Chilian side. The Debentures are non-cumulative, and, in fact, only income bonds.

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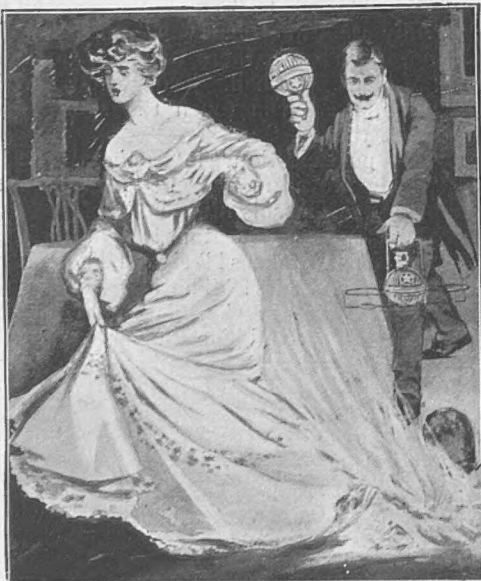
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